Saturday Review

JANUARY 30, 1960 / 25¢

RECORDINGS

SCHOENBERG IN HIS LETTERS

By Robert Breuer

THE SERIOUS SIDE OF STEVE ALLEN

By Robert Lewis Shayon

(See TV and Radio, page 26.)

Steve Allen

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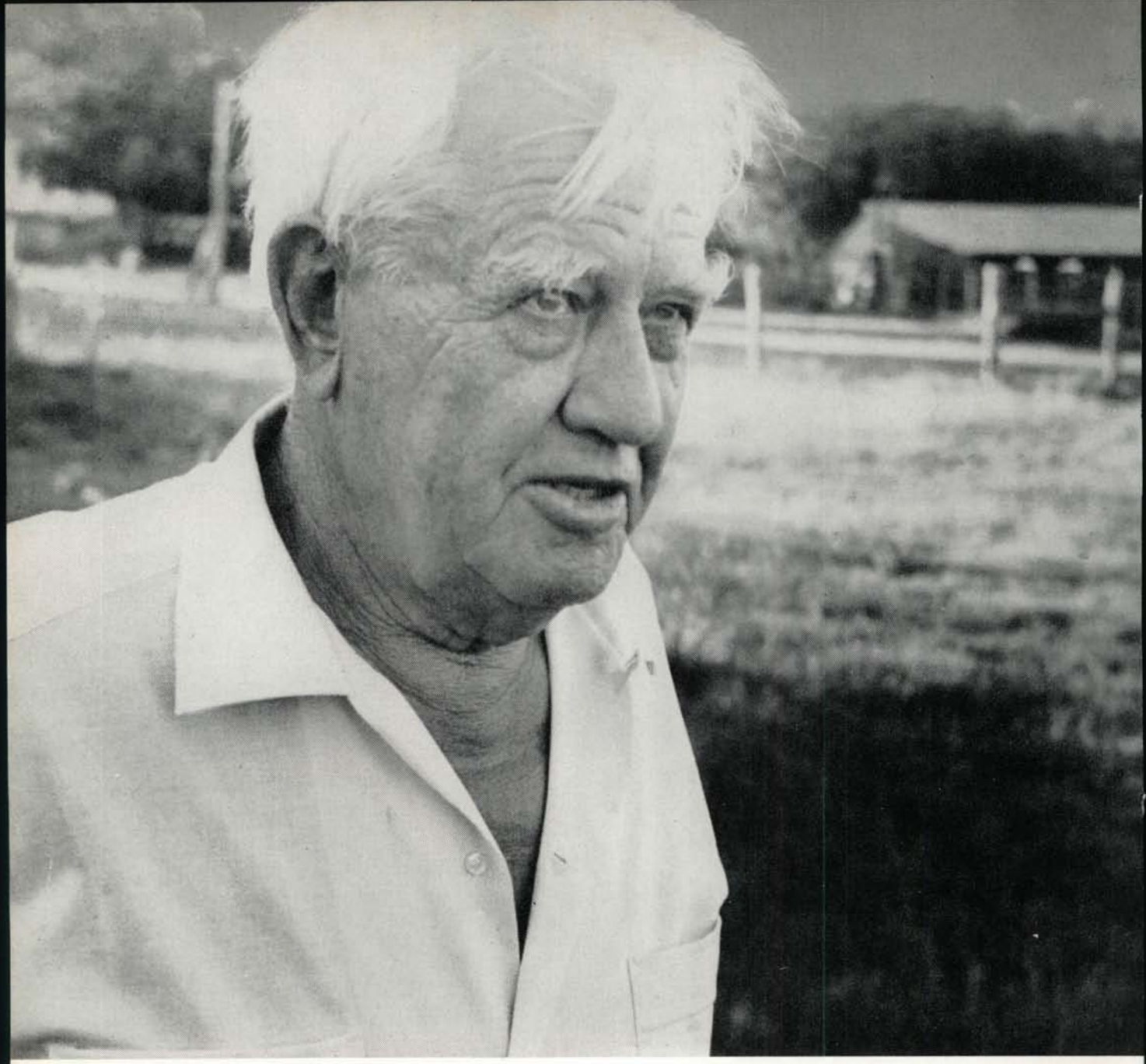

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SPOKESMAN FOR THE GROWING SOUTHWEST

THE HOUSTON POST

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Starting at 7:30 pm EST on Sunday (January 31) the CBS Television Network will parade before your eyes **THE FABULOUS FIFTIES,** a panoramic two-hour review of the memorable events and personalities of the past decade.

Assembled by the noted Broadway and Hollywood producer Leland Hayward (who enjoyed quite a decade himself with *South Pacific, The Spirit of St. Louis, The Sound of Music,* etc.), the program will employ music, drama, comedy, narrative, photography, film, tape, and just about every other form of expression you can think of, to recapture the sights and sounds, the experiences and emotions of the past ten years.

Mr. Hayward has rounded up a cast of stars that includes Julie Andrews, Shelley Berman, Betty Comden and Adolph Green, Henry Fonda, Jackie Gleason, Rex Harrison, Mike Nichols and Elaine May, Suzy Parker, Eric Sevareid, and Dick Van Dyke. He has engaged fashion photographer Richard Avedon to create a special sequence on the American woman. He is planning an all-inclusive montage of the show business hits of the Fifties. And he has promised to depict what Americans saw, heard, learned and did in virtually every area of human endeavor during those explosive years.

That, needless to say, is quite an undertaking—embracing as it must such diverse elements as hot and cold wars, space probes and congressional investigations, the Grace Kelly wedding and the Suez invasion, the coronations of Queen Elizabeth II and Pope John XXIII, industrial automation and Presidential conventions, the Andrea Doria sinking and the Hungarian revolt, the four-minute mile and the international travels of presidents, prime ministers and premiers . . .

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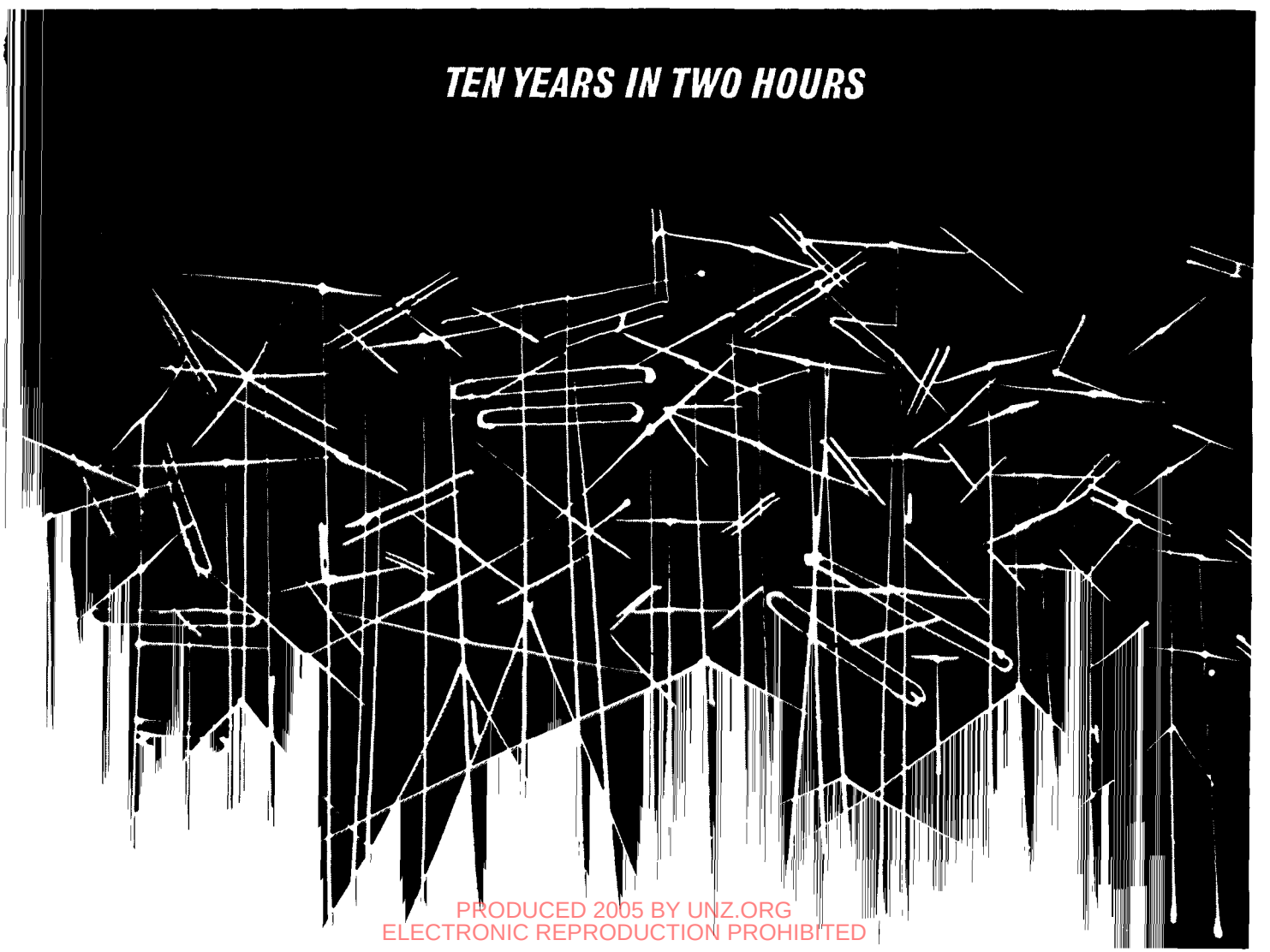

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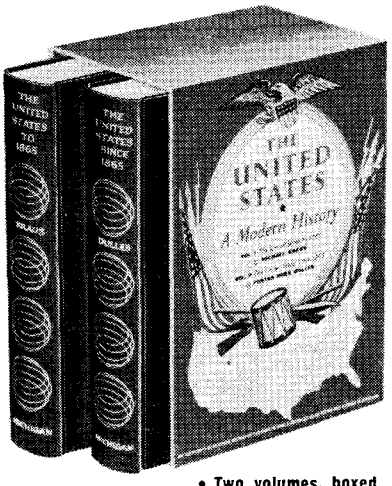

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There is a Senior Editor at Doubleday who is senior in every respect. Tall, white-haired, wise, sardonic but constantly hopeful for his authors, he is the kind of editor the younger ones want to grow up to be.

It is dangerous, however, to listen to him describe his books. As he went on about Bob Duncan's novel, "If It Moves, Salute It," I couldn't help but wonder how much of the fun was in the book, and how much in the editor's description.

The fun, I am happy to report, is in both. This is the story of a captain who takes command of a military hotel in Tokyo, right after World War II. The place is meant to house Special Services personnel —acrobats, jugglers, musicians and football players. It also houses the captain's dream world. Having won the war (and he *is* an authentic hero) he means to let Japan "make it up to him."

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The idyll is spoiled by the arrival of a junior officer, a martinet. How *he* is tamed, by a kind of justifiable blackmail, is the climax. The martinet is "a man who lives by the book," says the Senior Editor, a man who lives by them himself. I'm glad he does. He has helped bring to the light of day many good ones, including this refreshing account of amiable immorality.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"If It Moves, Salute It" ($3.95), by Bob Duncan, is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 3301 West Central Avenue, Toledo 6, Ohio.

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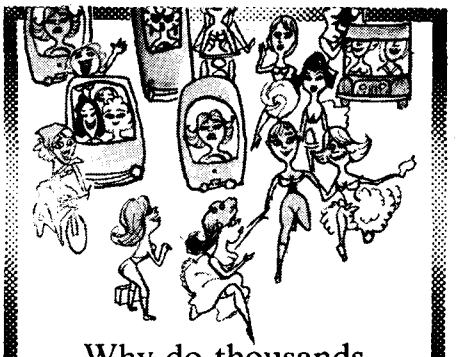

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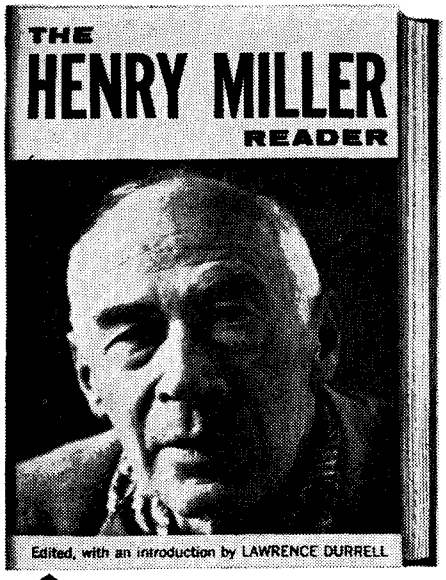

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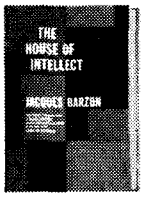

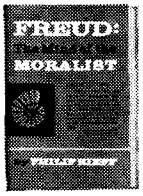

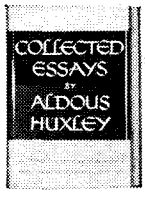

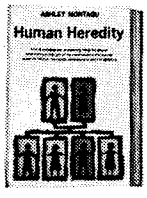

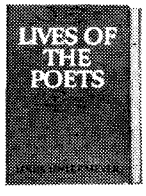

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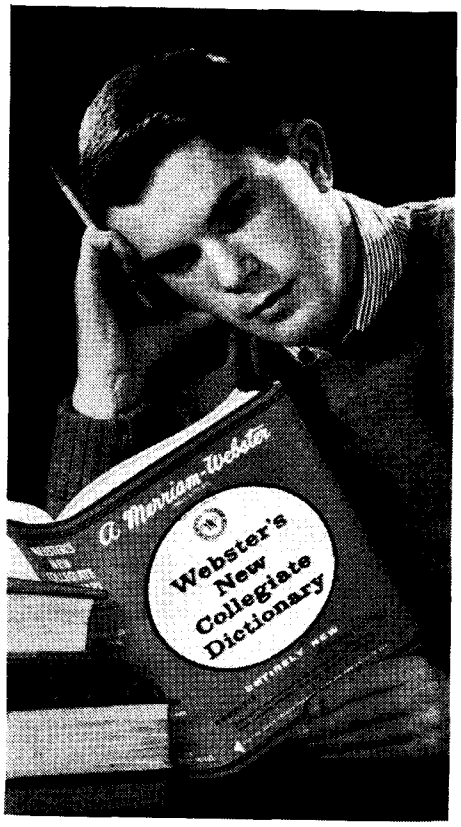

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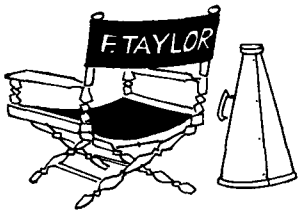
TRADE Winds

ON OR ABOUT April 1 of this year, the cameras will begin rolling in a remote Nevada location on a multimillion-dollar motion picture which will bring together a rare and exalted cluster of talent. The screenplay will be by Arthur Miller. John Huston will direct. Marilyn Monroe will join Clark Gable and possibly Montgomery Clift in the starring roles, and Eli Wallach and Thelma Ritter will fill in another important chunk of the cast. The picture in itself will make news, but of more than passing interest is the fact that the producer



will be a gentleman who has no intention whatever of making anything but book publishing his career.

He is the lank, lean, and learned editorial director of Dell Books, who goes by the name of Frank Taylor, and whose secretary swears knows everything there is to know.

"He's so civilized," she told us while we were waiting to catch Mr. Taylor on the run in his Madison Avenue office, "that when he has a bowl of soup at Chock Full O' Nuts, he makes it seem as if you're at the Four Seasons."

IN THE COURSE of his career, Frank Taylor is likely to be found eating at either. In shaping the destinies of Dell, he has to wear several hats as the occasion demands, pushing along a twenty-five-cent whopper like "McCracken in Command" ("Captain McCracken knew every . . . trick, but it took a rival officer to teach him the real meaning of treachery. . . .") to a handsome fifty-cent paper edition of "War and Peace."

THE PRESENT JUMP from publisher (he will go on leave for a few months to handle the Miller-Monroe picture) to producer of a $3,000,000 feature film is partially the result of his contacts with Arthur Miller, when, as editor of the now-defunct publishers Reynal and Hitchcock, Taylor worked with Miller in publishing two of his novels. They hit it off well, and have been good friends ever since. The jump also has its roots in the fact that in 1948 Taylor turned down an offer to become a story editor for M-G-M in Hollywood, and suddenly found himself with a producer's job instead.

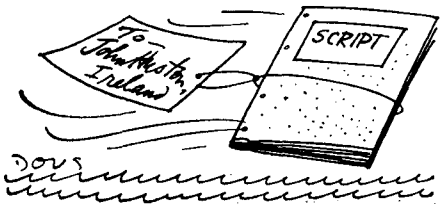
His first assignment was to produce Scott Fitzgerald's "Tender Is the Night," a property which M-G-M had picked up for $150,000 from David Selznick after the latter had acquired it for a reported price of under $3,000.

In conventional Hollywood style, Taylor worked and waited for several months until the project was tabled, and he was assigned a simple, low-budget script to produce called "Mystery Street." In spite of the budget, he was able to push the script into recognition by receiving the 1949 *Look* award as the best low-budget picture of the year.

At this point, another Hollywood lull set in, along with the enervating mantle of gloom brought about by television's rapid rise out of left field. He joined Twentieth Century-Fox, and sat around watching other people make movies for two more years, compiling a total of four years and one picture to his credit.

ALL THIS, HOWEVER, doesn't interfere with the fact that about a year ago Taylor and his family dropped in on Arthur and Marilyn Miller in their Connecticut home for a day's outing. Miller, who is an inveterate and incorrigible story-teller, told the group an absorbing tale which turned out to be based on a motion picture scenario Miller had written but not marketed. Taylor unearthed the script at that moment, and read it immediately.

"The hair on the back of my neck gave the proper quiver," Taylor said. "But I told Arthur that there was only



one director in the business who could truly understand the script and bring it to life, and that was John Huston. Both Arthur and Marilyn agreed, especially since it was Huston who was the first director to take Marilyn seriously as an actress. Huston was in Ireland, and I dashed off a note to enclose with the script and Arthur sent it to him. Next

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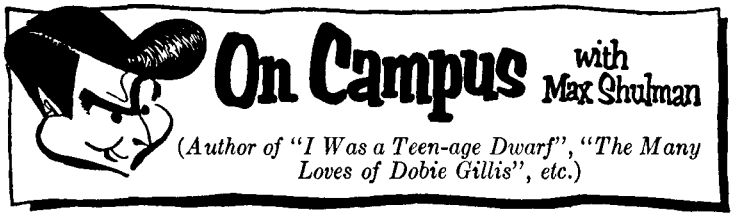

APPAREL OFT PROCLAIMS THE MAN

The hounds of spring are on winter's traces. Soon we will be shedding our mukluks and union suits and putting on our spring finery. And what does Dame Fashion decree for the coming season?

(Dame Fashion, incidentally, is not, as many people believe, a fictitious character. She was a real Englishwoman who lived in Elizabethan times and, indeed, England is greatly in her debt. During the invasion of the Spanish Armada, Dame Fashion—not yet a Dame but a mere, unlettered country lass named Becky Sharp—during the invasion, I say, of the Spanish Armada, this dauntless girl stood on the white cliffs of Dover and turned the tide of battle by rallying the sagging morale of the British fleet with this stirring poem of her own composition:

Don't be gutless,
Men of Britain.
Swing your cutlass,
We ain't quittin'.
Smash the Spanish,
Sink their boats,
Make 'em vanish,
Like a horse makes oats.
For Good Queen Bess,
Good sirs, you gotta
Make a mess
Of that Armada.
You won't fail!
Knock 'em flat!
Then we'll drink ale
And stuff like that.

As a reward for these inspirational verses Queen Elizabeth dubbed her a Dame, made her poet laureate, and gave her the Western Hemisphere except Duluth. But this was not the extent of Dame Fashion's services to queen and country. In 1589 she invented the egg. In 1590, alas, she was arrested for poaching and imprisoned for thirty years in a butt of malmsey. This later became known as Guy Fawkes Day).

But I digress. Let us get back to spring fashions.

Certain to be popular again this year is the cardigan (which, curiously enough, was named after Lord Cardigan, who commanded the English fleet against the Spanish Armada. The sweater is only one product of this fertile Briton's imagination. He also invented the ball-peen hammer, the gerund, and the molar, without which chewing, as we know it today, would not be possible).

But I digress. The cardigan, I say, will be back, which is cause for rejoicing. Why? Because the cardigan has nice big pockets in which to carry your Marlboro Cigarettes—and that, good buddies, is ample reason

for celebration. Do you think flavor went out when filters came in? If so, you've got another smoke coming. I mean Marlboros—all the rich, smooth flavor of prime tobaccos plus a filter that really filters. So slip into your cardigan and hie yourself to your tobacconist for some good Marlboros. They come in soft pack or flip-top box. Cardigans come in pink for girls and blue for boys.

© 1960 Max Shulman

* * *

If you're a filter smoker, try Marlboros. If you're a non-filter smoker, try Philip Morris. If you're a television watcher try Max Shulman's "The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis"—Tuesday nights, CBS.

time I talked to Arthur, he said he had heard from Huston, who thought it was great and would like to direct it. I was very happy about the whole thing because I could put two friends together who could create something worthwhile. I forgot about the incident."

LAST APRIL, or ten months later, Taylor received a call from Miller, who asked him to drop over for a chat.

"It just occurred to me," said Miller. "Why aren't you producing this?"

Taylor's reply was that he had a thick scar tissue from his previous Hollywood experience, and that he was above everything a book publisher who wanted to stay that way. However, the thirst for a major adventure was too much, especially since Western and Dell agreed that he could have a leave of absence to produce the picture, which, by the way, will be released by United Artists under the title "The Misfits." Taylor describes it as a love story which combines the humorous, the violent, and the highest literary traditions of Arthur Miller's plays for the theatre.

UP TO THIS MOMENT, the project has been soft-pedaled, but national releases will soon cover the plans for the picture as the production date nears. Meanwhile, Taylor will continue the job of sparking Dell with its publishing program, in between keeping tabs on his four sons. ("I think I'm the youngest father of an Amherst freshman and the oldest father of a Greenwich, Connecticut, first grader," he told us.)

Taylor has a retreat just forty feet from the Canadian border in northern Minnesota, ninety miles from the nearest town, in a county with a population of 200, mainly Indians. When the production job is over, this will look very tempting to him except for the fact that he won't be able to touch it.

He'll be too busy catching up on the activity at Dell, where he intends to remain as a dyed-in-the-ink publisher.

—John G. Fuller.

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Israel is the first country in the Middle East where a new foreign minister is escorted to his inauguration by his predecessor. In the Arab world, the predecessor is either dead, or in jail, or if he is lucky, he was able to make it to Switzerland in time.

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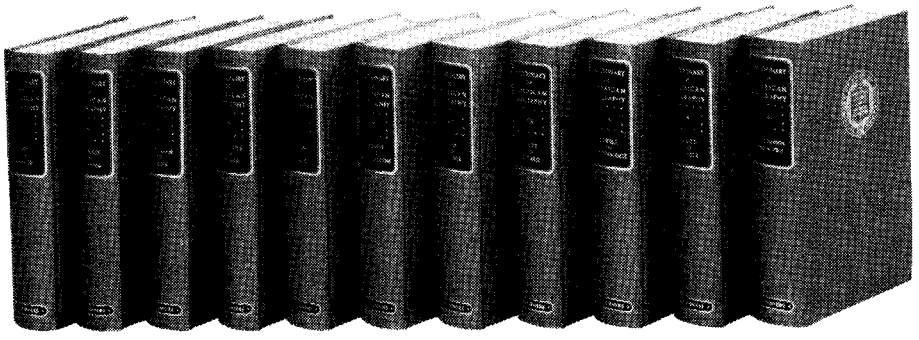

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Saturday Review
JANUARY 30, 1960

A HISTORIAN PREVIEWS THE SIXTIES

Much of America's energy during the 1950s was spent searching for solutions to ultimate problems. The difficulty of that search was brought into vivid focus, toward the end of the decade, by a perceptible shifting of attention to goals involving man's sense of moral necessity. In the following article, the third in Saturday Review's series on the Fifties and Sixties, Louis M. Hacker tries to anticipate the promises and problems of the new decade. Mr. Hacker, Distinguished Visiting Professor of History at Pennsylvania State University, is the author of "Triumph of American Capitalism" and "The Shaping of the American Tradition." He is now writing a book on the growth of the United States since 1865.

By LOUIS M. HACKER

THE FUTURE HISTORIAN undoubtedly will say that the 1950s marked the peak of American power: that while the twentieth century was the American century—as the seventeenth had been the French and the nineteenth the British—it was exactly at the century's halfway mark that the United States reached both its apogee and its turning point. It had shown courage and imagination; by its own works it had set an impressive example and had therefore offered inspiration and leadership; it had been unafraid in the face of mounting Soviet strength, of faltering political guidance among some of its friends, of business recession at home with the threatened widening consequences everywhere, and of difficult domestic problems.

America's initiative abroad and accomplishments at home had several clear results. The world learned during the Fifties that Communism, as a political and economic alternative to the liberty and private decision-making of democratic capitalism, was not inevitable. Communism's march into Europe and Southeast Asia was halted; the neutral nations remained uncommitted but the balance was clearly moving slightly toward the free world.

We also learned that economic revival abroad was not only possible but that there were plain guides to policy for both stability and progress. Military aid strengthened the ability of our allies to resist further hostile penetration; economic assistance, in grants and loans, to the countries of Western Europe and to Japan started them off on the sure road to recovery.

At home, it became clear that by encouraging research, maintaining high employment, and slowly but surely effecting a more equitable distribution of wealth and income, well-being and progress could be achieved through innovation and the exercise of free choice by businessmen and investors. Work and the creation of wealth inevitably led to improved standards of living and greater leisure. This was so not only in the United States but also in Great Britain, West Germany, France, Japan, and Italy.

Finally, we also observed that public policy—through fiscal and monetary management, social security programs, and the creation of new social capital, coupled with the spreading of economic intelligence among businessmen and their resulting willingness to make bold investments—blew away the threatening clouds of a prolonged depression. There were recessions in the Fifties, but they were mild and short-lived—and the fear that a downturn in American business would sweep over and engulf the rest of the world (as happened in the Thirties) began to disappear. Our economy was no longer marked by great instabilities; and our own indecisions no longer threatened the advances of the rest of the world.

These things we accomplished, then, in the brief decade and a half after the end of World War II. We created NATO and through it, with the help of economic aid, we checked Communism's advance and made Western Europe a stronghold of democracy. We showed the way to a steady improvement of standards of living within a context of economic and social stability. We maintained our freedoms—surviving even McCarthyism – and demonstrated that democracy is a fruitful way of life.

IN all these things we led, inspired, and assisted. And because others—Britain, France, West Germany, Japan, Italy, Greece, Turkey – learned these lessons well, in the Sixties we are destined to be only a peer among peers. Because of this very fact, we are likely to be more secure externally as we give more and more attention to our complex problems and continue to explore those habits, attitudes, and commitments that are the peculiar hallmark of America—mass education, mass leisure, social mobility, and the heightening and diffusion of taste among a larger and larger segment of the population. The increase in goods and services in the United States will probably proceed only normally, scarcely matching the annual growth of the Russians, but the accent will shift more and more to the production of those things that make living more comfortable and the spirit richer and freer. This is what the world, including the Russians, is learning from America—and this very emphasis on consumer goods and services is, curiously enough, one of the great forces for peace.

The other force for peace is the fact that we are going to share responsi-

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bility with those nations whose revival we have done so much to bring about. In the Sixties we are no longer to stand alone and therefore under constant suspicion; in short, we are no longer, by ourselves, to make international political and economic policy for the free world. We will have to consult and cooperate, as the increasingly more powerful nations of the free world assume a larger part of the burden of defense against Communism and of development of the economically backward regions of the earth.

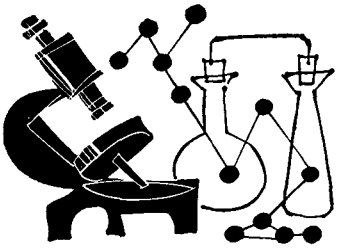
If the arms race is not to cease—and it probably will not—and if the missile gap is to narrow, demanding a heavy concentration of American defense expenditure in this area, certain arrangements concerning allies and friends are imperative.

We must give every assistance toward the achievement of a European Federation with the powers of independent political and military action. A beginning has already taken place in the Common Market of the Six (France, West Germany, Italy, the Netherlands, Belgium, and Luxembourg) and the Free Trade Area of the Seven (Britain, Austria, Switzerland, Portugal, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark); these are the first tentative steps toward economic cooperation, at least as far as trade is concerned. It is not beyond the realm of possibility—the need for joint conduct is so desperate—that agreements will be widened within the Six to include the free movement of labor and capital as well as a common budget for defense and for overseas development. If we want to trade freely with the Six and also with the Seven, an important *quid pro quo* will have to emerge from our side—the relaxation of our import duties and quotas to permit a much larger flow of European goods into the United States.

We must recognize the great defense possibilities inherent in the Six; after all, their population is almost as great as ours and their economies are healthy and advancing. If the Six are to become our full partners, then NATO, which we dominate because of our arms, men, and money, will have to be replaced by a united Free Europe, developing its own atomic weapons and manning its own army.

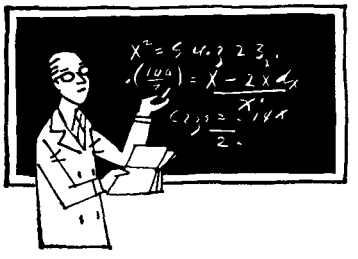
We must call upon our allies and friends—as we have already—to take over their part of the financing of development in the economically backward areas of the world. Capital investments will have to be made more widely and more equitably; we could continue to step up the export of our technicians and technical skills and our food surpluses because of endemic

An Agenda for the Sixties



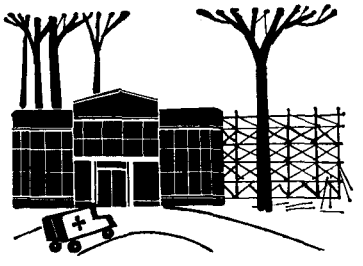
Science—Invest in research, technological innovation, the rehabilitation of blighted and distressed areas.

Leisure time—Devise ways of making the greater leisure time of our adults more meaningful and more useful.

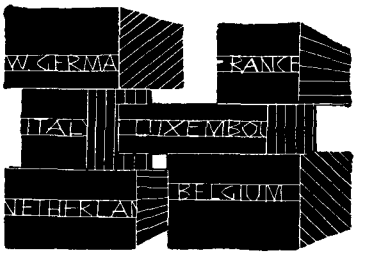


Education—Expand our educational facilities—true basis of research and hope for fruitful leisure time.

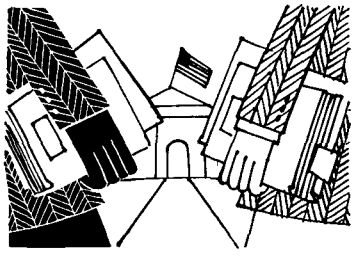
European Federation—Give every assistance toward the achievement of an independent European Federation.



Health—Expand our health programs and our hospital facilities, notably in the light of the ratio of the aged.



Defense—Recognize the great defense possibilities inherent in the European Common Market of the Six.



Civil liberties and minorities—Assure minorities a decent way of life—in the South as well as North.

Underdeveloped areas—Call upon our allies and friends to take over their part in the underdeveloped areas.

—Drawings by Doug Anderson

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dearth and until improved agricultural methods in the underdeveloped countries make them self-sufficient.

With this clearing of the air internationally, with the real possibility that the forces for peace will be strengthened, and as Russia comes to understand that an independent Europe will be its guarantee as much as ours, America will be able to concentrate more than it has previously on its own concerns. The solution of our problems is important to us, of course; but because, in the effecting of new social arrangements and a redistribution of the annual product of goods and services, we will be changing the forms of daily living and the relations among men, the answers we find will have a powerful impact everywhere. After all, we have developed plausible replies to Communism's challenge. We have demonstrated the possibility of eliminating class lines and privileges. We have proved that high employment is attainable in a capitalist society with constantly advancing living standards.

BUT to prove these things—to the Asian, African, and Latin American nations, where the race against starvation is still the most insistent problem as the population explosion continues and traditional methods of social organization and production slow the technological conversion – we must show, by our own accomplishments, that stability is possible in a world of dynamic change. These are the questions we have to face up to in the Sixties:

- Can we keep our financial and fiscal houses in order—control the monetary and credit mechanism and the taxing and spending functions of government—so that the threats of prolonged recession and of inflation once and for all will be allayed?

- Can we continue to save and invest—in research, new technological innovation, the rehabilitation of blighted and distressed areas and industries—while we maintain a high level of productivity?

- Can we continue to expand our educational facilities—the true basis of research and innovation as well as the real hope for the fruitful utilization of the leisure time of our adults—despite the staggering costs involved?

- Can we expand our health programs and our hospital facilities, notably in the light of the increasing ratio of the aged in our population?

- Can we tackle the awesome problems of renewal and redevelopment: of our decaying urban centers which were the heart of the new suburban communities growing about them, of our unneeded farms and semi-rural communities, of those industrial areas which once were thriving but have been bypassed as a result of shifts in raw material resources, markets, and products?

- Can we solve the problems of industrial relations – the cost-push of wages that have no relation to productivity, the maintenance of old work rules to protect jobs that have disappeared, the threat of nationwide strikes to weaken the whole economy, the establishment of a healthy democracy and honest practices in trade union affairs?

- Can we assure minorities a decent way of life—not only in the South but in the North as well, not only in schools but in jobs, housing, recreation?

- Can we safeguard our civil liberties – against governmental obsession with security, test oaths, censorship, and undue police interference with private right, in fact against all those offensive practices of the self-serving and self-righteous who want to make all of us accept their patterns of conformity?

- Can we devise ways and means of making the greater leisure time of our adults more meaningful to them and more useful to the whole society?

This is something like the agenda for the Sixties if we assume, as we have every right to assume, the continuation of the trends of the postwar years. These have been a mounting of the Gross National Product of 4 per cent annually; an annual increase in the over-all productivity rate of 2.5 per cent; an annual increase in population growth of close to 2 per cent —with expansion of the labor force, large additions of new households every year, advances regularly in real disposable income per capita (and therefore higher spending power), and a shorter working week and as a result more leisure time.

A large part of the answers to many of these problems is to be found in the shape that Federal fiscal policy will take. For fiscal policy—the taxing and spending programs of the Federal government and the management of its debt—is a powerful deterrent to inflation, although up to now it has been only partially effective. The curbing of Federal spending can act as a check on inflation; the flexible use of taxes (low in recession, high in boom) is a recognized device in the control of the business cycle. But tax programs are significant for two other reasons. First, they can choke off or encourage investment and therefore innovation. Secondly, they can prohibit or permit vast schemes of renewal, rehabilitation, and reform on the part of local authorities, and these schemes are necessary if we are to maintain our course.

The curbing of Federal spending and the reform of the whole tax structure from top to bottom will check the growth of the central monolithic state, with all its perils of authority and bureaucratic complacency, and will revitalize the state and local governments which, because of pride, fruitful public pressures, and superior knowledge, can much better pursue the programs of modernization of the old and expansion of the new.

There is no doubt that there is firmly fixed in the Federal spending program a whole series of ancient commitments – subsidies for agriculture, shipping, the mining industries, the Post Office—which encourage the inefficient use of resources. The rivalries among the three defense services, the heavy outlays for the Veterans Administration, and the timid management of the national debt add further to the heavy financial needs of government. Cutting these helps in the fight against inflation. A more realistic spending program makes possible the long overdue remodeling of the Federal tax structure, so that accumulation and therefore investment, on the one hand, can be encouraged, and so that tax resources, on the other, can be released to state and local governments for their heavy requirements. Corporate income taxes might well be reduced – thus eliminating all the rigidities and wastes that have crept into corporation management and financing. Individual income taxes might be raised at the lower levels with an eye at the same time to the existing inequalities among persons in similar income brackets. Tax allowances to encourage incentive in individuals and companies are also important.

A combination of rigorously controlled spending and tax changes could make available other sources of revenue to local governments, for they are sorely beset by inadequate fiscal means and mounting responsibilities. We must make a choice in the next decade: and that will be between central planning, with its inefficiencies and regimentation, and reversion to the fluidity and greater imagination of local authority. The principle of federalism, one of America's outstanding contributions to political organization, still has great vitality; we have the opportunity once more to show its feasibility in

(*Continued on page 29*)

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LITERARY HORIZONS

First-Starters of the Sixties

By Granville Hicks

IN MY summary of 1959 (*SR*, Dec. 26, 1959) I observed that fewer interesting first novels than usual had come to my attention. One author of a 1959 first novel, George Morrill, decided to do something about this, and he sent me a copy of his "**Dark Sea Running**" (McGraw-Hill, $3.95), with a note to the effect that he considered it interesting. So do I, and I want to say a little bit about it before I go on to comment on some first novels of early 1960.

"Dark Sea Running" is a novel of the World War II Merchant Marine, cast in the form that William March used in his World War I novel, "Company K." The characters, that is, speak for themselves in a series of brief passages. Since all of them are attached in one capacity or another to a tanker called the *Auburn Ridge*, their observations and comments, the anecdotes they tell, the incidents they describe, give a running account of the vessel's long ordeal.

The ship is the novel's real center, but attention does focus on an individual, Captain Clyde Falk—the one character, incidentally, into whose mind we are never allowed to enter. In the first two-thirds of the book one incident after another illustrates Falk's virtues, but then, as months of strain and peril begin to tell on the ship and its crew, Falk receives a shattering blow and goes to pieces. The consequences are melodramatic in the extreme, and Morrill relies on coincidence to tie up the loose ends, but the story is effective.

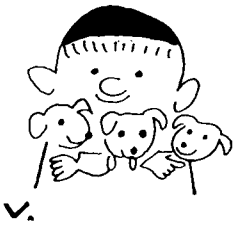
The novel necessarily has many characters, and although Morrill's method presents the deeper sort of characterization, there are many bright flashes of insight. Morrill's feeling for his material is strong (he is a veteran of the Merchant Marine) and he writes well of the sea and of its life in wartime. This is exactly the sort of thing I have in mind when I call a first novel interesting—faulty, perhaps, but capable of holding the attention and offering something in the way of a promise.

For the rest I have a mixed bag. Roy Doliner's "**Young Man Willing**" (Scribners, $3.50) might better have remained in manuscript. It is mostly a novel about the theatre, but the author also includes the world of wealth, a Beatnik party, and the private lives of homosexuals. There is even an echo of the Spanish Civil War, together with a character intended to suggest Ernest Hemingway. Although he has a good deal to say about the differences between generations, Doliner has not really decided what he wants to write about nor in what vein—slick or serious—he wants to treat it.

Seymour Epstein's "**Pillar of Salt**" (Scribners, $3.95) is a disappointing novel, too, but on quite a different level. Epstein has set out to write a serious, careful study of the break-up of a marriage, and he has kept his eye on what he is doing. He gets his best effects in the description of two households, that of the husband's family and that of the wife's. Both Sid and Gaby Roth are Jewish, but their backgrounds could not be more different. Sid's family is solid, conventional, devoted to food and money. Gaby's widowed mother, a refugee from Hitler's Germany, is eccentric, impractical, fond of the arts. Sid, who has been attracted to Gaby because she is different from his family, is enough of a Roth to be divided in his mind.

Unfortunately, Epstein has not told his story in such a way as to make the most of it. For one thing, he shifts the point of view unaccountably and often indulges in direct exposition. For another, he sometimes writes very badly. (" 'It doesn't look as if we will,' Clyde vaguely apostrophized.") But the chief trouble is that the novel gets out of focus, for in the end the principal conflict is not within Sid nor between Sid and Gaby but between Gaby and her mother, and for this we have not been prepared.

William Dale Smith has chosen to write about a significant phenomenon in "**A Multitude of Men**" (Simon & Schuster, $4.95), one that has scarcely figured in contemporary fiction. The setting is a steel mill in West Virginia, and Smith's account of it is authoritative enough to make it easy to believe that he once worked in steel. He is not, however, concerned with labor conditions as such, but with the postwar relationship between labor and management. What amounts to a company union has flourished for years in this particular mill and has not been without value to the men, but it has grown corrupt and is being challenged by a big national union. In the eyes of the principal characters, however—and presumably in Smith's eyes too—the national union is as corrupt and as much a menace to the independence of the workers as the company union. The only course for the true individualists, who are also the men who really love steel, is to fight a war on two fronts, and this they do.



Although Smith has not exactly thought it through, this is an interesting idea for a novel, and he might have done better if he had stuck closer to it. As it is, he has a variety of subplots, including two passionate and ultimately unhappy love affairs. There are too many characters in the book, too much talk, and in the end it is both confusing and a little dull.

After these more or less worthy and more or less unsuccessful efforts, it is a pleasure to turn to a completely unpretentious and highly competent first novel, John Hadfield's "**Love on a Branch Line**" (Little, Brown, $4). Hadfield, an Englishman who has for some years edited an engaging miscellany called "The Saturday Book," proves to be a first-rate comic novelist, and that is something not to be sneezed at.

In Hadfield's simple but ingenious fable a vaguely discontented civil servant is sent to investigate a mislaid segment of the bureaucracy. What he finds is, as he says, a cross between Arcadia and Alice's Wonderland. A legless peer plays with a railroad and listens to Dixieland jazz, while his wife gardens and three daughters seek in their various ways to seduce the enchanted visitor. The visitor, whose name is Jasper Pye, turns out to be surprisingly adaptable. He sleeps with two of the daughters, dances the Charleston for their father, distinguishes himself in a drinking bout, wins a cricket match, and presides at an extraordinary fete held for the benefit of Fallen Women.

Hadfield has mixed the charming and the ridiculous in exactly the right proportions. He never works too hard at being funny, never forces his situations, never falls back on gags. It is one of his nice touches that he allows his Arcadia to survive, even though Jasper Pye must return to the workaday world, as must the reader. This kind of make-believe rarely succeeds, but it is altogether delightful when it does.

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Books in the News

—*Wide World.*

Gov. Rockefeller shown visiting Vice President Nixon in 1958.

—*Ollie Atkins,* The Saturday Evening Post.

Sen. Kennedy—Democratic dynasty.

Two Views of the Vice President

By Ernest K. Lindley, *director, Washington Bureau, Newsweek.*

SINCE RICHARD M. NIXON'S nomination for the Presidency is as certain as anything in politics can be six months ahead of the event, two independent analyses of his career, views, and character should be welcomed by voters who have not already made up their minds about him. In "**Nixon and Rockefeller: A Double Portrait**" (Doubleday, $3.95), the net verdict of Stewart Alsop, who reports on national affairs for *The Saturday Evening Post*, is favorable. Not so that of William Costello, White House correspondent for the Mutual Broadcasting System, who wrote "**The Facts About Nixon: An Unauthorized Biography**" (Viking, $3.95).

On several important conclusions, however, they agree: Nixon is cool under attack, whether the attack be political or, as during his South American tour, physical. He is tough and determined and has a streak of daring. (He once said to Alex Olmedo and Althea Gibson, "You can't just play safe. You've got to play to win. That's the world today.") He has a keen mind and is an assiduous student of public problems. He is a thorough internationalist who has consistently favored foreign aid, collective security, and a powerful national defense. He is, of course, a shrewd politician.

It is chiefly about Nixon's character, especially as revealed by his political tactics, that these two interpreters, like so many others, disagree. Alsop concedes that "at least until 1954, Nixon displayed what sometimes seems almost a compulsion to use specious and sleazy debating tricks. . ." He specifically condemns Nixon for several offenses, while exonerating him of others charged. He thinks that the new, more statesmanlike, Nixon who began to emerge after 1954 is genuine. Nixon's job, he points out, "has provided as good a medium of forced growth as there is, short of the Presidency itself." Especially since the President's heart attack of September, 1955, he thinks, Nixon has lived with the thought that he might become President at any moment, and thus, even at one remove, has felt the "magnifying and transforming effect of the Presidential office."

Alsop considers it "silly to suppose that Nixon, a highly intelligent and perceptive man, still regards the Presidency simply as the first prize in politics, after so many years of intimate exposure to the terrible responsibilities of that office. One of those responsibilities is to be right on the basic life-and-death issues, even when it is politically unwise to be right, and Nixon, in recent years, has been right rather often." He finds in Nixon such particularly desirable Presidential qualities as "boldness and decisiveness, the instinct for 'moving quickly to shape events,' the sure feel for the realities of power, the strong intelligence, the cool toughness and simple guts in time of crisis."

Costello, too, sees high ability and many good qualities in Nixon. He describes Nixon's "global ideals" as "admirable." But Nixon's early campaign tactics trouble him deeply, partly because he views some of them more darkly than Alsop does, partly because he remains unconvinced that Nixon's "moral values" have changed for the better, or at all.

Costello's extensive review of the controversial episodes in Nixon's career suffers here and there from the use of information that some others have rejected as unproven if not demonstrably false. Example: the alleged telephone campaign against his opponent, Representative Jerry Voorhis, in the 1946 Congressional election, Nixon's first. Granting that Nixon himself may have not known about the telephone campaign, Costello avers the story has been "amply corroborated." Alsop exonerates not only Nixon but his managers of any effort to organize such a campaign, conceding only that there may have been a few anonymous telephone calls spreading the slander that Voorhis was a Communist.

As to Nixon's successful campaign for the U.S. Senate against Helen Gahagan Douglas in 1950, both Costello and Alsop bring out the fact that the charge that Mrs. Douglas was "soft"

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—*Philippe Halsman.*

Sen. Symington—"Running like sixty."

toward Communism was initially launched by her chief opponent in the Democratic primary. They agree that she was to some extent politically vulnerable: she had voted against aid to Greece and Turkey, as well as against certain internal-security proposals and contempt citations against a few witnesses who had sought refuge in the Fifth Amendment. They also bring out, although Alsop does so more clearly, that before a group of Nixon supporters issued the notorious "pink sheet" showing how many times Mrs. Douglas and Representative Vito Marcantonio, the Communist fellow-traveler, had voted the same way, Mrs. Douglas had cited Nixon's vote with Marcantonio against a Korean aid bill. (Nixon and other Republicans were holding out at the time for more aid to Chiang Kai-shek.)

The indubitable fact remains, however, that Nixon used the "smear" technique not only in 1950 but in 1952 and 1954. In this, it is true, he was in step with a good many other Republican candidates. It is true also that he did not go to the outrageous extremes of Joe McCarthy. His forte, as Costello emphasizes, was the carefully calculated innuendo, "the use of language to arouse inferences going beyond anything he has actually said."

Unlike Alsop, Costello had no personal interviews with Nixon while writing his book. (Alsop had fewer than Earl Mazo, whose well-blanced "Richard Nixon" [*SR*, June 27, 1959] was based on more extensive original research than either of these studies.) Suits for plagiarism have been filed against Costello, the *New Republic* (which published excerpts from his book), and The Viking Press. Ironically, the complainant is Ralph de Toledano, one of Nixon's closest journalistic friends and warmest admirers, whose biography of him was published in 1956. Whether or not he borrowed from Toledano without sufficient credit, Costello's conclusions are emphatically not those of a Nixon fan.

This reviewer—and observer of the Washington scene—is more inclined to agree with Alsop than with Costello regarding Nixon today. Alsop's book may suffer in sales from the withdrawal of Rockefeller from the Presidential contest. But what he has to say about the New York Governor is as interesting, if not quite as timely, as his analysis of Nixon.

Equal Book-Time to a Vis-à-Vis

By Cleveland Amory, *social historian and SR's First-of-the-Monther.*

TWO NEW books—one **"The Kennedy Family,"** by Joseph Dinneen (Little, Brown, $3.95), which is rather mercifully short, and the other the story of the Senator himself, **"John Kennedy: A Political Profile,"** by James MacGregor Burns (Harcourt, Brace, $4), which is long and extremely thorough—are not the first volumes on the subject; nor, it is safe to say, will they be the last. In fact, still a third on the tribe is being readied by another publisher and is being held back on the theory that bookstores should not be entirely, at any one time, devoted (if one will excuse the expression) to Kennedyana.

Both of these books, it should be made clear at the outset, are generally favorable; indeed occasionally they are almost suspiciously so. Sometimes the very same anecdotes are told; for example, the story that Mamma Kennedy kept each child's record of vaccinations, illnesses, food problems, etc. on card files, and, for another example, that Jack, hospitalized with grippe before trying out for a spot on the Harvard swimming team, nonetheless broke out of the infirmary and tried out anyway. (He not only lost but also did nothing to help his even then none too robust health.)

Both books also print an anonymous visitor's "Rules for Visiting the Kennedys"—*i.e.*, "Anticipate that each Kennedy will ask you what you think of another Kennedy's (a) dress, (b) hairdo, (c) backhand, (d) latest achievement. You will find that 'Terrific!' is a satisfactory answer. They won't listen to much detail."

And, finally, both books also print the story of how Mrs. Jack Kennedy, determined to end one of the family's endless parlor games (this one was, perhaps significantly, Monopoly) made a mistake on purpose. "Does Jack mind?" she was asked. "Not," she replied, "if I'm on the other side!"

It is true that one book says, "She smiled and her eyes sparkled," and the other says, "A gleam crept into her dark eyes." Nonetheless, such parallels give the reader the uneasy feeling that even slightly anti-Kennedy stories are handed out by the all-engulfing maw of the Kennedy publicity machine.

Frankly, however, this is not quite fair, and even if it were, what is so wrong with it? For the fact of the matter is, as Mr. Dinneen, whose previous books include one on Pope Pius XII and one on James Michael Curley, states in his very first paragraph, "Joseph Patrick and Rose Kennedy . . . begot a large family. In the course of time it has become an organization dedicated to one purpose, the election of John F. Kennedy to the Presidency of the United States."

So why, one may ask, shouldn't the family help turn out anything needed to further that purpose—whether it be a slightly anti-Kennedy story or a Pulitzer Prize-winning book? And, one may answer oneself, there is really no reason why it shouldn't except the very good reason that the ever-present fact of the Family (in capital letters) is, ironically enough, the one thing that is doing most to injure the cause. This despite the fact that, all things considered (even the question of his Catholicism), Senator Kennedy definitely is the best choice of his party next November.

There is even an object lesson for the Senator in Mr. Dinneen's book—and particularly in that part of the book devoted to Ambassador Kennedy. Back home from England in the middle of the war, he gave his famous interview to Louis Lyons of the *Boston Globe*, in which he said that democracy in England was finished. What was finished after that interview was, of course, not democracy nor England but Ambassador Kennedy himself. Those

(*Continued on page* 60)

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Missile Candidate from Missouri

By William H. Stringer, *chief of the Washington Bureau of the Christian Science Monitor.*

PERHAPS, one thinks hopefully, we are entering an age of political sophistication which will demand that campaign biographies avoid being totally pro-candidate. A few smart reservations and qualifications will be in order, as appear for instance in the current profile of Senator Kennedy by Professor James MacGregor Burns, reviewed on page 17.

Alas, novelist Paul I. Wellman is of the old school in his **"Stuart Symington: Portrait of a Man with a Mission"** (Doubleday, $3.95). It is about as critical of this handsome, charming, eligible Senator as a commissioned biography would be of a successful hotelkeeper.

Of course, "Stu" Symington's life has been sufficiently rich and varied so that many pages hold interest anyway. He is the onetime iron-molder who married the daughter of a patrician Republican Senator, the young businessman who personally settled one of the longest sitdown strikes in history, the Truman trouble-shooter (heading Surplus Property Disposal, National Security Resources Board, RFC, and the Air Force) who later won his Senatorship against heavy odds in Missouri. If only the pages could have avoided unctuous references to "his phenomenal memory" or to the "sometimes lonely battle Symington has carried on" or such comment as "Once again Stuart Symington had wrought the impossible."

Wellman's concluding paragraph tosses the Missouri junior Senator's hat into the ring, declaring that if Symington were asked to face the biggest challenge in the nuclear-space age, "there is no doubt what his answer would be." No one in Washington would dispute this. He has been running "like sixty" all through 1959, sometimes on a speech-a-day schedule, getting himself known throughout the Union.

Senator Symington is regarded by many professionals as the man to whom the Los Angeles convention will turn next summer if by chance (a) it becomes deadlocked, so far as frontrunners are concerned, and (b) those who would engineer a "Stevenson draft" run out of wind.

Symington profits by having fewer liabilities than any of his rivals. Wellman quotes Congressman Celler of New York as commenting: "There's Senator Douglas, he's too old; Senator Kennedy, he's too young; Governor Meyner, he's too minor; Senator Humphrey, he's too talkative; Senator Johnson, he's too South; Governor Williams, he's too soapy; Adlai Stevenson, he's too often; Senator Symington, he's my man!"

What are his affirmative qualifications? He is strong on defense, and expert. His term as Air Force Secretary, his chairmanship of a deep-probing defense subcommittee, his early warning speeches in and out of the Senate em-

A Harvard student.

Man of the people.

Through the grim years of Depression and wartime many Americans came to know Franklin Roosevelt not only as their Chief of State but as their beloved and devoted friend. In a vivid pictorial biography, **"The Human Side of FDR"** (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $5.75), which includes more than 400 photographs, Richard Harrity and Ralph G. Martin have captured the intense personal magnetism of a distinguished American.

"It is fun to be in the same decade with you," said FDR to his friend Churchill; photographed at Casablanca.

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phasizing America's lag in the missile race, all give authenticity to the claim that, as President, Symington would give major priority to catching up with the Soviets in missiles and space. Nor is he a "single issue" man, as sometimes charged. Representing a farm state, he has his own prescription for handling surpluses, and is accounted knowledgeable on farm problems.

He knows his way around our labyrinthine government. He is a businessman who has "met a payroll" yet is approved (at least mildly) by trade unionists. He is a border stater whose civil rights record is acceptable to the North but whose personality does not antagonize the South. He won re-election handily in Missouri in 1958.

Wellman emphasizes the keen Symington competitive sense and will to accomplish. In the infamous Army-McCarthy hearings the Senator carried off successfully a couple of minor skirmishes against "Jolting Joe," but he disappointed those who hoped that this high-principled individual would get down into the ring and slug it out with McCarthy. Is he lacking in drive, in solid convictions, in a Humphrey-esque or even a Kennedy-type hanker to get out and wham a few opponents? In conversation he can be long and discursive, and difficult to pin down, even when discussing the missile lag.

Perhaps this is all due to Symington's effort to remain the supremely eligible "compromise" candidate, offending none and not too deeply involved. Wellman does not explain. He paints—as has many another campaign biographer—a candidate who is almost too good to be true. More effective in this era will be the biographers who, though the ultimate effect is favorable, do a more critical portrait, "warts and all."

Criminal Record

KING'S RANSOM. *By Ed McBain. Simon & Schuster.* $2.95. U.S. shoe tycoon, planning big deal, is sidetracked by kidnapping not of his son but of his chauffeur; Steve Carella of 87th Precinct wraps it up. Heavily dialogued.

KILLER AT LARGE. *By Maurice Procter. Harper.* $2.95. Incarcerated slayer (second degree) flees English pokey; small girl is kidnapped simultaneously; Chief Inspector Martineau wraps both cases up nicely. Tense chase, with authentic police work. Good show.

THE MERRIWEATHER FILE. *By Lionel White. Dutton.* $2.95. New York lawyer (wills, deeds, and such) finds self in midst of murder case involving his Long Island neighbors; does his best, as do good cops and hired eye. Agreeable teaser. —SERGEANT CUFF.

FICTION

As Life Swept in on Andrus

"Two Weeks in Another Town," by Irwin Shaw *(Random House. 372 pp. $4.95), tells of a middle-aged and as yet uncommitted man who, during a sojourn in Rome, comes to know himself. Hubert Saal, an editor of Town and Country, reviews the novel.*

By Hubert Saal

IRWIN SHAW's new novel is deceptive. On the surface it's a whirlwind of a story about brittle Americans in Rome, victims of "wine, nerves, ambition, women, and overwork." It is expertly told, intricately plotted, crowded with characters, and packed with scenes in which the pace never falters and the dialogue sparkles.

Underneath something entirely different is going on. And what this is represents for Irwin Shaw a remarkable and hopeful change of heart.

Since the war, Shaw's view of the world has been increasingly pessimistic. In the ebb tide of his last book, "Tip on a Dead Jockey," his people were paralyzed by imaginary fears, motivated by hunches, and except under some extreme stimulation, like sex or alcohol, impervious to pleasure or pain. To them he offered no alternative.

His new novel begins where his last book ended. But it arrives at a new place. Not that it's a happy book. The people Shaw sees still compare unfavorably with elephants, for example, who are more honest, prudent, and just.

Shaw quotes the words of Leonardo da Vinci after Pliny:

> When the moon is new they [elephants] go down to the rivers and there solemnly cleansing themselves bathe, and after having thus saluted the planet they return to the woods.

This is the story of a man who cleansed himself. Jack Andrus, a prewar motion-picture star, who became disenchanted by the war, by Hollywood and an unfaithful wife, is now an undistinguished bureaucrat with NATO in Paris. In his mid-forties, he does his job without ambition or enthusiasm, and endures the boredom of his third marriage in silence. The fault is his: he cannot commit himself to anything or anyone. He has built a shell to ward off life.

Irwin Shaw—Change of heart.

The town he goes to for two weeks is Rome. His old friend and movie director, Delaney, wants to dub in his voice in Delaney's current film. Andrus goes, not out of friendship or for the money, but to escape the routine of his life.

Rome penetrates his defense and life sweeps in on Andrus. He begins an affair with an Italian girl and suddenly finds himself embroiled with her lover, a young American motion-picture director named Bresach. As well as the present, the past—in the form of former Hollywood associates and his adulterous ex-wife—crowd in on Andrus, awakening new longings and old regrets.

But not until Andrus is trapped in the conflict between Bresach and Delaney does he work out his salvation. Delaney has changed. Once a director with talent and integrity, he has become a creature of craftiness, grasping at straws to save his reputation. It's clear to Andrus that he has been brought to Rome not for his voice but for his influence with the people who can keep Delaney's head above water.

In Bresach Andrus sees himself, and Delaney, too, twenty years earlier. "I am a monster of talent," Bresach says. He is. He's also a monster of arrogance, turbulence, and honesty, at once hateful and lovable. For Andrus he is irresistible youth. "Look where the

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youths are coming," quotes Andrus as a refrain throughout the book.

Shaw's story puts into the hands of Andrus the power to choose decisively between Bresach and Delaney. For a moment while the choice is in doubt, Andrus is offered a new life, a life of "risks taken lightly, dangers gaily run." It is a tragic vision. For Andrus it is too late.

SHAW has written a book largely about age and youth. In acknowledging that "youth must be served," Andrus recognizes his own failure. He has lived in the past, thinking of it as unfinished business. He lays the ghost of his talent, unhappy marriage, and misplaced loyalties to rest. The battle he has lost but the war against "the beast in the jungle" he has won.

"Have you any advice for me?" Bresach asks at the airport as Andrus prepares to fly back to Paris.

"Be delighted," Andrus says.

It's a fine book—neither the young, passionate Shaw of the prewar era, nor the nihilist of "the Cold War." Irwin Shaw vigorously opposes the bitterness he unchains. In the suffering of the human condition he finds great compensations.

In "Two Weeks in Another Town," Shaw's hero, Jack Andrus, has cleansed himself of the burden of the past. He acknowledges nature's immutable laws, among them that the old must give way to the young, cunning fly before talent, and moral weakness before strength. Andrus acquits himself honorably and with charity. He—and Shaw—in effect, have saluted the planet.

Conversation and Compassion

"A Heritage and Its History," by Ivy Compton-Burnett *(Simon & Schuster. 249 pp. $3.50), is another of the author's distinctive inquiries into the hidden recesses of human nature. Harvey Curtis Webster of the University of Louisville is at work on a study of British novelists.*

By Harvey Curtis Webster

NO LIVING novelist writes such consistently excellent and original books as Ivy Compton-Burnett. Her plots are uniformly intriguing; they are, as someone once said, a combination of what Sardou and Sophocles might have constructed had they collaborated. Still, the plot is not the main thing, merely what carries one forward. Nor are the characters as individualized as, say, those of Faulkner or Joyce Cary. It would be possible in many of her novels to transpose some of the characters without the reader noticing the difference. This does not mean that they are indistinguishable types, only that they are representative of all manner of people in whom the likeness to ourselves and our friends is more marked than their individuality. In penetrating these representative characters, Miss Compton-Burnett goes deep into the essentials of human nature and of the human condition.

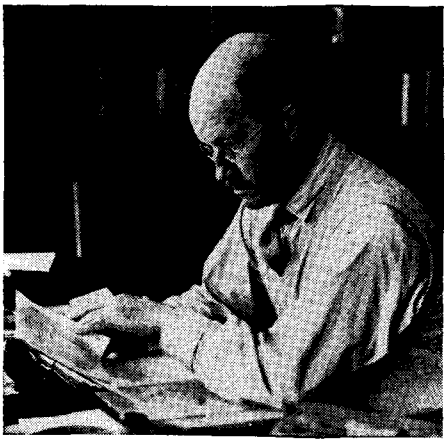
It is largely through her dialogue that you recognize Miss Compton-Burnett and it is here that her excellent originality manifests itself most clearly: through it her plot moves and her characters reveal themselves. This dialogue is almost wholly without conventional props. The characters, never identified by more than a few sentences of description and their age, speak in dialogue so condensedly profound and witty that the reader must be continuously alert.

"A Heritage and Its History" is about two families in an unidentified country town in a time that is probably early twentieth century; they could live as well in a New York apartment house today or in Periclean Athens. I shan't spoil the suspense of the plot by telling much about it. It concerns people involved in a chain of circumstances that includes sudden death, adultery, near-incest, a conflict between parents and children, between brother and brother. All of this is told in the tone of an all-knowing and kindly god who is accustomed equally to vice and virtue, has favorites but cannot castigate any of his creatures. To know all that these characters say about themselves and others is to understand and forgive them.

This divine lack of reproof has been increasingly apparent in Miss Compton-Burnett's later novels, which surpass even her earlier ones, like "Daughters and Sons" and "Pastors and Masters." Evidently, this development has burgeoned from both a growing reconciliation to the worst that may happen to any of us and a slight brightening of her point of view to what now approaches the cheerfully stoic.

Perhaps it is this philosophy and her unusual technique that have kept Miss Compton-Burnett's novels from wide popularity here. But not to read Ivy Compton-Burnett is to deprive oneself of a depth of vision comparable with what one finds in Sophocles, Shakespeare, Tolstoy, and Thomas Hardy. And, paradoxically, since Miss Compton-Burnett's stoicism is always leavened by humor and wit, it is also to deprive oneself of the delight of style and wisdom beautifully and distinctively conjoined.

SCOTTISH FLING: Eric Linklater's **"The Merry Muse"** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.95) is a cheerfully rowdy novel. The central idea is, certainly, a funny one. It assumes the discovery of some unspeakably bawdy verses by Robert Burns, and of the Dionysian effect their circulation has on the normally staid population of Edinburgh. For several days the business of the city comes to a virtual standstill, while the lads and lasses frolic about and practise what Burns preached; their revels are cut short only by the death of a gloomy Gaelic poet who was their idol.



Eric Linklater—A funny idea.

Involved in the turmoil are a wealthy lawyer in his sixties, who will buy a bad painting or seduce his daughter's schoolmate with equal aplomb; his daughter, who inherits enough of his broad-mindedness to hurl herself at the Gaelic poet while her Army husband is off looking after his tanks; the lawyer's wife, who has embraced modern jazz as an escape from the obviously unsatisfactory state of affairs at home; and a number of lesser characters. Some of them have their flings and then return to the ruts from which they have flung; some of them drift through the book without undergoing any significant or lasting change; and none of them is what could be called a wholly admirable citizen.

The book has some moments of nice comedy and some tedious stretches that blunt the humorous effect. A bit of ruthless editing would have helped immeasurably. —NATHANIEL BENCHLEY.

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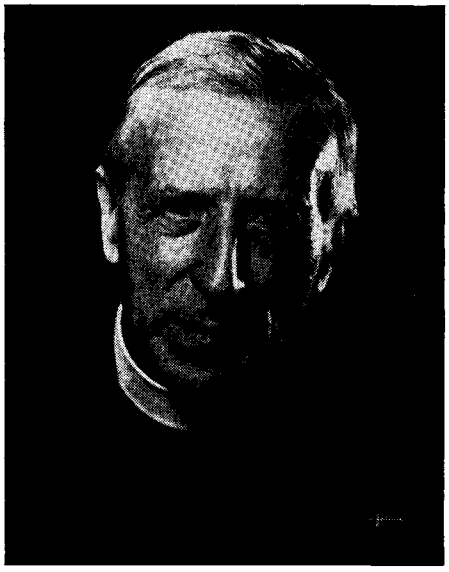
An Epic Theory of Evolution

"The Phenomenon of Man," by Pierre Teilhard de Chardin *(Harper. 318 pp. $5), rewrites the Book of Genesis in terms of evolution. Michael Polanyi recently received the Lecomte du Noüy Prize for his last two books, "Personal Knowledge" and "The Study of Man."*

By Michael Polanyi

THE SUCCESS of this book is a mystery and a portent. I read it four years ago when it came out in France and was profoundly moved by it. The French original had enormous sales, and now the English and American editions are widely celebrated; I have seen a dozen reviews highly praising it and have noticed no adverse criticism. I, myself, had readily turned to Teilhard, since I reject the current genetical theory of evolution and had no doubt that Teilhard rejects it too. But what about all those who so eagerly read and praise the book? Does their acclaim mark the rise of a vast underground movement, sweeping aside the writers and readers who had shortly before accepted the worldwide pronouncements made on the occasion of the Darwin centenary? Where was the public now applauding Teilhard when Sir Gavin de Beer declared that modern genetical research has "established as firmly as Newton's laws of motion that hereditary resemblances are determined by discreet particles, the genes, situated in the chromosomes of the cells. . ."? Can this be reconciled with Teilhard's teachings?

Puzzled by these questions, I kept fingering my copy of Teilhard's English translation and finally looked through Julian Huxley's introduction. In it he praises Teilhard's work highly and, indeed, claims to have largely anticipated it. Yet it was Sir Julian Huxley who prefaced one of the most authoritative statements of current selectionist theory ("Evolution as a Process") with the words: "A single basic mechanism underlies the whole organic evolution—Darwinian selection acting upon the genetic mechanism." And he defined this mechanism: "Mutations . . . are the result of a failure of precision in the basic property of self-copying exhibited by Mendelian genes, which, aggregated in linear order within the chromosomes, constitute the physical basis of heredity."



Pierre Teilhard de Chardin—a portent.

Teilhard declares: "We do not yet know how characters are formed, accumulated and transmitted in the secret recesses of the germ cell." In his view, "the blind determinism of the genes" plays but a subordinate part. "We are dealing with only one event," he says, "the grand orthogenesis of everything living towards a higher degree of immanent spontaneity." "The progressive leaps of life" must be interpreted "in an active and finalistic way." This active striving towards ever higher, more vividly conscious forms of existence, which eventually achieves responsible human personhood and establishes through man a realm of impersonal thought, is the dominant theme of "The Phenomenon of Man."

This image is very different from that of the repeated failures of precision in the self-copying of Mendelian genes, to which Huxley and the ruling orthodoxy attribute evolution. It is precisely the kind of theory violently condemned by this orthodoxy for trying to explain evolution by some inherent bias, guiding the direction mutations take.

Admittedly, Teilhard's wording is vague. When describing the evolutionary process as a groping, he declares: "Groping is *directed chance*" (original italics), but adds that this means "to try everything"—which would of course amount to relying on pure chance. Teilhard's way of shrugging aside any question concerning the mechanism of heredity also casts a veil of obscurity on the foundations of his position. And this is how he avoids an explicit attack on genetical selectionism and also feels entitled to use, without more than the most cursory acknowledgment, the ideas of Samuel Butler, Bergson, and others who have previously interpreted evolution in his way.

And yet in these shortcomings we discover the secret of Teilhard's achievement and success. He is a naturalist and a poet, endowed with contemplative genius. He refuses to look upon evolution like a detached observer who reduces experience to the exemplification of a theory. Instead he stages a dramatic action of which man is both a product and a responsible participant. His purpose is to rewrite the Book of Genesis in terms of evolution. The thousand million years of evolution are seen here as one single act of creative power, like that revealed by Genesis. This creative act is inherent in the universe. By producing sentient beings the universe illuminates itself, and through human thought it gradually achieves communion with God. Teilhard uses scientific knowledge merely as a factual imagery in which to expound his vision. His work is an epic poem that keeps closely to the facts.

Gaps in the factual imagery of a poem can be safely left open. So there is no need for the author to argue with selectionism. As a poet, Teilhard stands powerfully apart and commands assent from many who continue to hold views that are incompatible with his vision; and this is how his work is startlingly novel though it contains few new ideas.

But would Teilhard's poetry have received such warm response fifty years ago? No, its contemporary success is a portent. There is a tide of dissatisfaction mounting up against scientific obscurantism. Book after book comes out aiming against the scientific denaturation of some human subject. Teilhard owes his present success to this movement. But, unfortunately, this has made his success a little too easy. I do not believe that the origin and destiny of man can be defined in such vague terms. A text that is so ambiguous that people whose views on its subject matter are diametrically opposed can read it with equal enthusiasm cannot be wholly satisfying. And I suppose that this is why, in spite of its many inspiring and luminous passages, it is tedious to read the book from cover to cover. Having avoided so many decisive issues, it can serve only as a new and powerful pointer towards problems that it leaves as unsolved as before.

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Judgment Day for the Modern Mind

"The Two Cultures and the Scientific Revolution," by C. P. Snow *(Cambridge University Press. 58 pp. $1.75), asserts there is more to being adequately educated today than having a knowledge of the humanities. Charles Siepmann is chairman of the Department of Communications at New York University, where he is professor of education.*

By Charles Siepmann

THIS book is about education and the price we've paid for not adapting it to the needs of modern man. Two revolutions, the industrial and the scientific, have transformed our world, our outlook, our chance of survival. But they have passed our educators by. Still wedded to an outworn cultural tradition in which "literary" values predominate, our schools and universities produce graduates out of touch and seemingly as unconcerned with the scientific miracles as with the pressing realities of our time. Sir Charles writes:

> About two years ago, one of the most astonishing experiments in the whole history of science [the experiment at Columbia by Yang and Lee] was brought off . . . If there were any serious communication between the two cultures [the traditional and the scientific] this experiment would have been talked about at every High Table at Cambridge. Was it? I wasn't here, but I should like to ask the question.

However, it is not for dons but for writers and the literati that Sir Charles reserves his main fire, peppering them in tones petulant, as well as aggrieved. "What is a machine tool?" he once asked a literary party, "and they looked shifty." Men considered highly educated, he says, look blank if you ask them what is the Second Law of Thermodynamics, "which is about the scientific equivalent of 'have you read a work of Shakespeare's?' " Or take buttons. "They are being made by the millions every day. Yet I would bet that out of men getting firsts in art subjects at Cambridge this year, not one in ten would give the loosest analysis of the human organization which it [sic] needs."

To Sir Charles this represents intellectual snobbery as contemptible as the social snobbery of the Victorians that drew an impassable line between the tradesman and the gentleman. And the result? "I believe the intellectual life of the whole Western society is being increasingly split into two polar groups."

The consequent impoverishment of contemporary literature, as it seeks to see life steadily and see it whole, is remorselessly spelled out:

> They [the literati] still like to pretend that the traditional culture is the whole of culture, as though the natural order didn't exist . . . as though the scientific edifice of the physical world was not, in its intellectual depth, complexity and articulation, the most beautiful and wonderful collective work of the mind of man. Yet most non-scientists have no conception of that edifice at all. It is as though, over an immense range of intellectual experience, a whole group was tone deaf.

All of which is half true, half false —of England, and even more of "the whole of Western society." As shock treatment it is useful. As diagnosis it is sloppy. If, to be educated, we need to know the "social organization" that goes to making buttons (a knowledge in part necessary because "they are being made by the millions every day"), we are indeed in a parlous state. I, for one, prefer the humorous wisdom of A. N. Whitehead when he conceded that God so made the world that we must be reconciled to "a delightful ignorance of important things."

It is no reflection on the author to suggest that what he says is not new. But it is only fair to the reader to point out that it has been better treated, with deeper insight and in much finer prose, by one of our own countrymen. As a study in contrasts, he is referred to J. Robert Oppenheimer's lectures (at the Columbia bicentennial) on "Prospects in the Arts and Sciences."

Sir Charles moves on to attack education on another front, and here the assault is massive, well deployed, and ominous. As a result of applied science, he says, people in the industrialized countries are getting richer, and those in the nonindustrialized are, at best, standing still, so that the gap between the two is widening every day. But this disparity has been noticed—by the poor. And "once the trick of getting rich is known, as it now is, the world can't survive half rich and half poor. It's just not on."

The West, he says, has got to help in this transformation, as the only escape route from the three terrors of our time—the H-bomb, overpopulation, and the gap between rich and poor. Three things are necessary: capital, men, and an educational program "as complete as [that of] the Chinese, who appear in ten years to have transformed their universities and built so many new ones that they are now nearly independent of scientists and engineers from the outside." If we don't help, the Russians will. Already they have the edge on us, for their educational system is turning out nearly 50 per cent more engineers than the rest of the world put together, more pure scientists, and many more physicists and mathematicians than the United States. In other words, their scientific education provides skilled personnel not only for their domestic needs but for export as well.

Time is running out on us in a shifting, explosive world. This is the peril with which we have not reckoned. "The danger is, we have been brought up to think as though we had all the time in the world. We have very little time. So little that I dare not guess at it." These are Sir Charles's concluding words. They provide the springboard for fresh and urgent thought about our education and its bearing on our future.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 867

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 867 will be found in the next issue.

FAST CARD: PACCAMBX

MR EDMECD GDABL

CMBDXMPD SMLDSODH.

–ODBHT SOMHDKQ.

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 866

Life is like playing a violin solo in public and learning the instrument as one goes on.

—Samuel Butler.

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Centennial of a Timeless Tragedy

The thousands of books already written about the Civil War notwithstanding, scarcely a publisher considers his seasonal list complete without at least one addition to the literature on the subject. Concerned about the grain of many such, historian Frank E. Vandiver, of the Rice Institute of Houston, Texas, explains below why five recent releases are superior to the current norm.

By Frank E. Vandiver

PERHAPS the saddest commentary on the current state of Civil War history is the popularity of reprints. This apparently confirms the suspicion that the old is often better than the new—a suspicion that has led the University of Indiana Press to great success with its Civil War Centennial Series. The series began with personal memoirs of leading Civil War figures, but sales have emboldened the Press to undertake expansion into the realm of more modern "classics" on the war. The three latest additions to the series indicate the trend of the Press's program, and of the whole Civil War field.

John Esten Cooke's "**Wearing of the Gray**" ($7.50) was a splendid book when it first appeared in 1867 and is yet. Written by a professional who hobnobbed with the highest Confederates, the book abounds in important personal information on such men as Lee, Jackson, and especially Jeb Stuart. Cooke's essentially romantic nature—a product of his time—bloomed when he shared the derring-do of the boys who "rode around McClellan." Possessed of a good reportorial eye, he knew the import of his acquaintances and did his best to record his impressions of the great. Even if he sometimes slips into echoes of the saccharine "Surry of Eagles' Nest," these lapses do not lower his work to the level of some current Civil War writing. Cooke's knack for portraiture is virtually unparalleled. Let him describe his hero:

> His frame was low and athletic—close knit and of very great strength and endurance, as you could see at a glance. His countenance was striking and attracted attention—the forehead broad, lofty, and indicating imagination; the nose prominent, and inclining to "Roman," with large and mobile nostrils; the lips covered with a heavy brown moustache, curled upward at the ends; the chin by a huge beard of the same colour, which descended upon the wearer's breast. Such was the rather brigandish appearance of Stuart—but I have omitted to notice the eyes. They were clear, penetrating, and of a brilliant blue. They could be soft or fiery—would fill with laughter or dart flame. Anything more menacing than that flame, when Stuart was hard pressed, it would be difficult to conceive; but the prevailing expression was gay and laughing.

Cooke's glimpses of Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and others are almost as clear. Many memoirs are more valuable for military details, but Cooke offers vignettes of men and war that no other can match in insight or style. Editor Philip Van Doren Stern's careful introduction sifts the truth from the romance and makes Cooke's book more valuable than ever.

Realism clings to each Cooke page—realism born of participation. The same sense of thereness is present in John Bell Hood's angry memoir, "**Advance and Retreat**" ($6). Hood had a lot to be angry about. From a lofty eminence as one of Lee's best brigade and division leaders, Hood went up to corps and army command, then down to ignominy following the disaster at Nashville in December, 1864. As this rise and fall festered in his frustrated mind, Hood discovered the evil genius behind most of his troubles. This gray-coated Satan proved to be Joseph E. Johnston, whose matter-of-fact contribution to the Battle of the Books, "Narrative of Military Operations," had accused many of failure, including Hood.

Hood's hatred for Johnston clouds his memory, forces facts into caricatures, impressions into phantasms, and judgment into cant. Hood flailed at friends and enemies in an attempt to explain, not only to posterity but to himself, how the Confederacy lost. His striving for a scapegoat etches poignantly the confusion of a soldier whose heart was broken along with his cause. If his prejudices are kept in mind, Hood's book is a valuable military source.

Both Cooke's and Hood's books are "primary" historical sources, a category in constant demand among Civil Warriors. Such demand reflects unusual interest and knowledge on the part of many war "buffs," but it also reflects something else—distrust of the present crop of Civil War historians,

(*Continued on page 59*)

—*From "They Were There" (Crown).*

"Trading with the Enemy," a sketch by the Confederate artist Edwin Forbes—A war recalled by Lee's men and modern scholars.

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The Box Score Is the Thing

SOMEONE in the party called for quiet. He had turned on the radio at the beginning of a special news announcement. The guests, about twelve in number, had come into the living room from the dinner table; they leaned forward expectantly.

The news announcer said that Mr. Khrushchev had told the Supreme Soviet that the size of the Red Army was being reduced and that a fantastic new weapon was being developed. The announcer proceeded to speculate on the nature of the weapon. He said it was probably a speedier super-missile, one that could carry several hydrogen bombs at a time, with a separate drop feature. This would enable the Soviet Union to destroy at least twice as many cities in half the time. The old Soviet ICBM, the announcer continued, required twenty-five to thirty minutes to make the journey to the farthest reaches of the United States. The new machine, he surmised, could make the trip in ten or twelve minutes.

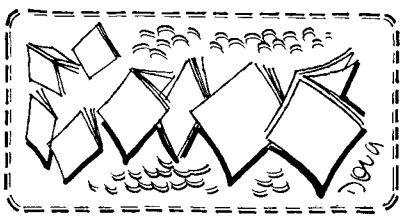
In the general parlor conversation that followed, several members of the group saw no particular reason for apprehension. One of them pointed out that the U.S. Atlas missile was now operational. It was poised at this very moment in California for use at the flick of a switch. It contained an H-bomb in its belly. Even if it would take the Atlas a few minutes longer to reach its target than the Russian missile, and even if it could carry but a single explosive, it could wipe out any city on the face of the earth.

Someone else said he was certain that it would be only a matter of time before the United States, too, developed a missile that could carry four or five hydrogen bombs at one time, with its own separate drop feature. After discharging its last bomb, it could be made to return to the U.S.A. for another nuclear payload. Or so he surmised.

Another member of the group referred to our radar tracking stations in Greenland and elsewhere; he said that even if we had only ten minutes' notice we could probably alert several millions of people in time for them to get into underground shelters.

This led someone to say he deplored all the talk about the extermination of the human species in a nuclear war. It would be impossible to kill everybody. Enough people would be left to whom victory or defeat would greatly matter. Talk of extinction had the effect, he declared, of weakening our military posture in the world.

AND so it went. I mention the conversation not because it is unusual but because it isn't. Wherever one travels in the country he can find ample interest in nuclear issues on the competitive level. But it is a little more difficult to find comparable interest in questions concerned with the hard business of preventing a nuclear war, or in the problem of arms control, or in the need to develop the United Nations as a world lawmaking agency. The dominant concern seems to be less directed to moral questions—whether, for example, the nations have any right to contaminate air and water that belong to other peoples—than to questions involving supremacy or superiority.



The box score is the thing. The national ego seems to be becoming more important than the national conscience. There is more talk about "posture" than about purpose. We seem more concerned about giving a good account of ourselves in a nuclear war than about giving a good account of ourselves to the next generation.

Similarly, the argument against nuclear war is supposed somehow to lose its sting if it can be proved that some people will raise themselves from the rubble and go on with the business of living.

What is happening, of course, is that we are making our peace with lunacy. We are coping with enveloping madness by becoming part of it. We fiercely preserve all our competitive instincts, but casually relinquish our ability to reason and make essential moral judgments. We take in our stride dangerous nonsense we have no business taking in our stride. We detach ourselves from the lessons of history; this, in turn, makes it even easier to detach ourselves from a cause-and-effect approach to the future.

If a historian should be among the survivors of another war, he would have no shortage of material for his chapter on the way attitudes led to consequences. He would find it significant that the catastrophe did not overtake peoples without warning, and that almost everyone had a vivid idea that something was wrong and that the means were at hand for decimating the human race and scattering the architecture of human civilization. The historian would find it remarkable that the knowledge of all this did not produce wisdom, and that the finest communications system ever devised in human history did not produce either a basic understanding of the issues or the desire to act on them.

More than anything else, perhaps, the historian would find it appalling that even among those people who should have known better there was a curious sense of paralysis, a feeling that the individual was basically helpless and unconnected to great events and decisions. The reason this would be appalling to the historian is that serious thinking is a force in itself, and that nothing is more powerful than an individual acting out of his conscience, thus helping to bring the collective conscience to life. —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

VISTAS FOR VISITORS

CONGRATULATIONS on "The U.S.A. as a Touristland" [*SR*, Jan. 9]. A brilliant stroke!

But please don't send all those Europeans to Detroit, the dreariest of American cities. (It occurs four times in the lists.) They can see an automobile assembly line elsewhere nowadays.

And San Francisco ten times! If you really want to show off man's wanton disregard of a superb natural site, the Bay Area is it! Boston (which I am glad to see is not omitted), though sadly changed, at least has some fine architecture.

Inevitably, the emphasis otherwise is on our natural wonders. In your survey, only Cardinal Spellman draws attention to individual masterpieces by the hand of man, wherein his has strived to symbolize our culture.

CHRISTOPHER TUNNARD.

New Haven, Conn.

MISGUIDED TOUR

IN THE ARTICLE "The U.S.A. as a Touristland," Billy Rose and Howard K. Smith refer to the redwood forests in the State of Washington. The northern limit of the range of the coast redwood is the extreme southwest corner of Oregon, and unless I am much mistaken most of what Oregon had has long since been lumbered off, so that the only worth-while remaining groves are in California. It would be too bad if tourists were to go to Seattle to view the redwoods.

H. C. GREENE.

Madison, Wis.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A number of other readers also noticed that SR's tour directors veered off course.*

EXTERNAL REVENUE

ELMO ROPER'S "Cracking the Sovereignty Barrier" [*SR*, Dec. 26] is a provoking article and should be translated into every language. I should hope that all would find cause to consider the sovereignty of the United States from reading it. We, of all people, priding ourselves that we are the government, should be able to take steps toward more productive spending of our tax money than for war; and should lead the world to the greater benefit of people. . . .

I believe that progress can only be made by proposing, discussing, changing, and finally reaching some common agreement as to a course of action. So, even though it may be foolish or unworkable, I will make a proposal. A supranational body working for peace must derive its support outside of national boundaries and prejudices—from the people directly and not the governments. Hence, let us pass a law allowing the U.N., as a working supranational body, to suggest a levy on the people of the United States and allow this levy to be fully deductible from the Federal income tax, if the individual prefer to pay to the U.N.

WILLIAM S. BUTCHER.

Concord, Mass.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"But this is all wrong—I'M the sheriff and YOU'RE the cattle rustlers!"

REVIEWPOINT

A DIFFERENCE in opinion I can understand, but complete prejudice is beyond my intellectual range. It is quite clear that reviewer Sydney J. Harris in "View of a Columnist's Cosmos" [*SR*, Jan. 9] gives a bigoted and biased viewpoint, as evidenced by the reference to "Mr. Lerner's apparent double standard—which he shares, to a degree, with his newspaper. . . ." This article, a review of Mr. Lerner's "The Unfinished Country," does not call for such underhanded remarks.

Mr. Harris notes that Mr. Lerner does not seem to be an authority in the fields he discusses. Does Mr. Harris realize that Max Lerner's very idea is to be a well-rounded intellectual, a man of letters? Mr. Lerner's position as a columnist does not require that he discuss only profound topics. His job is to comment on his own thoughts as to everyday situations as well as his ideas and ideals. Let me add that Mr. Lerner succeeds in his endeavors.

PATRICIA M. SEBOLD.

Newark, N. J.

REJECTION SLIP?

SYDNEY J. HARRIS slugs away at Max Lerner with a vengeance. He is so critical that he seems to have read Lerner's book with the sole purpose of compiling a list of complaints. This gives the entire review a tone of childish hair-splitting. He scorns Lerner for having trusted Van Doren. He derides him because his interpretation of the Adam and Eve story is not the same as Paul Tillich's. He flails him for not being "a master of paradox in the vein of Chesterton." He objects to Lerner's reference to Justice Holmes. He concludes by utterly rejecting his fellow columnist simply because his philosophy is different from his own. Some prejudice can inject vigor into a review; too much is tasteless.

JIM HORNADAY.

Swarthmore, Pa.

CENSOR SENSIBILITY

IT IS MY FIRM conviction that no adult is qualified to tell another adult what he may choose to see on the movie or TV screen. It follows that I cannot accept any censorship of my actions so long as they do not harm others. To me, this is the crux of the whole continuing battle to censor books and movies. I insist on the right to see and read what I please, and cannot consider anybody else better qualified than I am to choose for myself. Whether I care to read Rabelais, De Sade, or the lowest pornography, I refuse to concede that this is the business of anybody else.

I should like to start a "Legion of Indecency" to support this point of view. Non-dues-paying and non-communicating members of like views are welcome.

GORDON B. FOSTER.

Los Angeles, Calif.

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TV AND RADIO

The Serious Side of Steve Allen

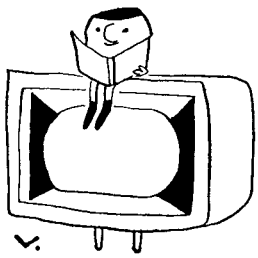
IT WAS Horace, the Roman poet ("The Art of Poetry"), who suggested to actors and writers that *they* must weep first if they wished to make audiences weep. Most television writers, directors, and actors would probably acknowledge the force of this admonition for the presentation of drama. Most comedians (certain deadpan artists excepted) would go along with the proposition if you substituted the word *laugh* for *weep*. But you would undoubtedly be answered by an eloquent pause if you extended the scope of Horace's quip and said, speaking generally to television's executive and creative cadre: "If you wish me to think, *you* must think first."

Steve Allen, however, would agree enthusiastically. Mr. Allen is a thinking man's comic. His thoughtfulness has become more apparent to observers since his highly successful career as a TV entertainer began recently to proliferate, in a twentieth-century version of the Renaissance man, with buds of literary talent, musical composition, movie-acting, orchestra conducting, even sermonizing as a lay preacher in a New York church, and, more recently, arguing in Hollywood for the ending of nuclear weapons testing.

Steve Allen reads (in a mysterious triumph over time) "The Syntopicon," that many-volumed Mortimer Adler compendium of the thinking man's thoughts on major topics through the ages. Browsing recently under P, he proliferated yet another bud—a program series idea for television to be called "Meeting of the Minds." Mr. Allen would host a round-table discussion by great thinkers such as Thomas Aquinas, Spinoza, Plato, Thomas Jefferson, etc., each in period costume. The mental giants would be played by well-known actors. The words they spoke would be closely culled or fairly paraphrased from their collected writings. Variants of this program notion have intrigued broadcasters since the birth of the art. Rarely have they actually reached fulfillment. (Almost always, everyone exclaims: "Think of Paul Muni doing Socrates!") Allen's syntopical storm actually is destined for fruition (February 1) on his regular Monday night NBC hour-long comedy show for Plymouth cars. Aristotle, Montaigne, Hegel, Dostoievsky, Freud, and Clarence Darrow will exchange views on crime and punishment; Steve Allen will tie the discussion together with spot questions.

An advance reading of the script indicates that Nat Hentoff, who researched it, has very ably assembled the abiding, representative opinions on this absorbing subject. There is the dispassionate Aristotle arguing the social necessity for equitable laws and for just, moderate punishment; the passionate Darrow holding the social order responsible for its criminals, and urging the abolition of trials, lawyers, and judges in favor of mental cure by experts; the devout Dostoievsky stressing religious conscience and the pity of the church; Freud insisting that man is by instinct neither innocent nor gentle, but sadistic and aggressive; and the subtle Frenchman and the didactic German agreeing with the others that cruelty and punishment have failed in all their bloody, tortuous history to deter the commission of criminal acts.

If there probably cannot be, on a program of this sort, a real, dialectical



"meeting of the minds," there is certainly here a broad range of insights. Mr. Hentoff has even succeeded in arranging some conflicting views in a semblance of spontaneous debate. If the actors (this is no place for the Method!) succeed in giving the round-table discussion the authentic appearance of men thinking aloud rather than mouthing bookish quotations, then the total effect could be most interesting—even convincing.

It is nothing less than astonishing that such a foray should be aired on a big-time comedy show. This is surely a realization with a vengeance of former NBC program chief Sylvester Weaver's old gambit of "enlightenment through exposure." Mr. Allen's character and interests, but most importantly his power, serve to explain it. Three weeks before air time, neither his sponsor nor his agency knew the comedian was planning the whole thing. Eyebrows were probably raised when they found out about it, but Allen is one star who is pretty much in control of his own show. In 1955 on "Tonight," the late evening five-a-weeker which he did on NBC-TV, he auditioned "The Psychiatrist," a half-hour drama series designed to entertain and enlighten on the subject of mental health. Comments from critics, social workers, churchmen, and psychiatrists were favorable, but Allen couldn't move the idea into a permanent spot. "The boys upstairs" (agency, sponsor, etc.), according to the comedian, said: "Personally, I like it, but they're not ready for it."

Recently when Allen, on his current show, talked for five minutes without laughs on "the meaning of Christmas," the star said he detected "a tiny flicker of lack of enthusiasm" upstairs. The irrepressible Steve is nevertheless agitating again with "Meeting of the Minds." Because his audience is "young and hip," he believes "they will go for it." If he succeeds in selling his series, he'd like to do Syntopicon subjects that are "more tricky to handle—like birth control and capital punishment." Allen says, "The average person doesn't have time to be interested in such serious matters. This is a painless way of combining education and entertainment. They'll enjoy it. Anyway, if we don't do more of this—we're all up. The real scandal in TV is not piddling stuff like payola and rigging, etc., but programming." We hope the television times are more propitious for Steve's Syntopicon than they were for his psychiatrist.

The significant point of this story, I think, is once again the double life of our culture-molders who work in TV. An important TV executive at one of the big agencies—a wonderful chap—went home one day with a copy of Dylan Thomas under his arm. "Personally," I am sure he'll love Steve Allen's "Meeting of the Minds," but he will question, I am also sure, whether enough of "them—out there" will like it to warrant buying it. And we will never get the "I" and the "they" of our society closer together through TV exclusively on Sunday afternoons. The industry is allegedly about to take off on an extended thinking spree. This is fine. But if it is to help make better thinkers of all of us and save our way of life, it cannot continue to laugh and weep in one corner of our communications and think in another. The laughing and the weeping and the thinking must take place in a tougher togetherness—where the crowds are. TV has more than its fair share of thoughtful people but, like Steve Allen, they must have the wit, the courage, and the power to do more of their thinking in public. —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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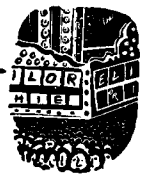

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Aromatics

I PREDICT remarkably little controversy over the respective merits of the two competing smell systems, AromaRama and Glorious Smell-O-Vision!, since neither is particularly successful or desirable. Differ though they may in technology, the smells are equally synthetic and equally erratic. That is, the people in the balcony may be smelling attar of roses while the orchestra is getting the odor of freshly brewed coffee. Or it may have been evil air currents or mischievous poltergeists playing hob with the processes while I was in attendance. Some odors came early, some late, and some not at all, and the whole business made me confused, especially when I was trying to equate the evidence of my eyes with the evidence of my nose.

It must be admitted, however, that each system scored its coups. AromaRama, after a piddling little foray with a squeezed orange, showed its mettle with what it claimed to be a tiger's odor. Smell-O-Vision! countered with a vile pipe tobacco. AromaRama got hold of the whole Hong Kong waterfront; Smell-O-Vision! entered a Spanish cathedral and sprayed the audience with what I guess must be termed old church odor combined with incense. In case anyone is interested in the basic differences between the two, it has to do with AromaRama's using the theatre's air-conditioning system to dispense its fragrances, while Smell-O-Vision! pipes the whole theatre, so that each seat can have its individual scent-vent. From the audience's point-of-smell it is much as though a giant atomizer is being periodically squeezed.

A pity, perhaps, that Count Leonardo Bonzi's **"Behind the Great Wall"** should have been used to show off AromaRama, for he has made a more than usually interesting documentary that combines travelogue with glimpses of life, labor, and love in Red China. American enterprise has given us the accompanying odors, but it was Bonzi and his Italian co-workers who got inside China and caught several fascinating sequences. If the film lacks a cohesive shape, and hasn't much new or significant to say, it nevertheless has wonderful photography and geography. Odors were added well after the fact, of course, and therefore we must consider AromaRama a well-promoted notion rather than a revolutionary forward step in cinema, especially since Mike Todd, Jr., was already well at work on **"Scent of Mystery"** in Glorious Smell-O-Vision!

But I'm afraid Mr. Todd, Jr., has been a somewhat timid revolutionary, even though he took the step of having his odors integrated into the story by his screen writer, William Roos. He seems to have had distinct doubts about the lasting value of his system, and protected himself with a tongue-in-cheek approach and a careful look over his shoulder at his father's "Around the World in Eighty Days." With a grandly apologetic gesture he called his system Glorious Smell-O-Vision!, wincing in advance at the inevitable rash of nasal jokes his daring would engender. AromaRama's promoters were bolder, emphasizing that we now had three senses with which to appreciate movies. And I hope, when the Feelies come, that the promoters will boldly tell us that we can stop living and simply *be* movies. That's the true Todd spirit.

At any rate, what we have in "Scent of Mystery" is a parody of a thriller, with a David Niven-like Englishman traveling through Spain with an umbrella and a keen nose (Denholm Elliott), while he follows a mystery woman who can only be recognized by her perfume. He naturally follows several false scents—as does the audience. He incidentally explores the scenic wonders of Spain, caught very nicely in huge-screen color photography. I'm afraid, though, that the director, Jack Cardiff (a former cameraman), handles a view with considerably more finesse than he does actors, and the picture cries out for the deft hand that a Hitchcock might have supplied. Mr. Roos identified his heroine with a perfume (by Schiaparelli), his villain by a pipe tobacco (manufacturer not mentioned), but he puzzlingly left out an identifying odor for the hero. The opportunity was there for a shaving lotion (by Yardley).

The day may yet come, though, when we'll be able to re-enter our theatres and smell the comforting odors we've had all along: the sickish sweet buttery odor of popcorn, the salty tang of peanuts, and that inimitable compound of wet umbrellas, Chanel No. 5, hair tonic, cough drops, peppermints, chewing gum, and the curious and ineffable scent that comes only from a lady's opened pocketbook as she hunts for a handkerchief. Movies just aren't the same without them.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

It's Not All Bananas

AS A MAN who found "Waiting for Godot" exasperating and "Endgame" stifling, it is a joy to report that Samuel Beckett's newest effort lets loose a passion for life and a robust poetry that were deplorably manacled in the aforementioned plays. Titled **"Krapp's Last Tape,"** this short character study begins unpromisingly as we watch a filthy old man rummaging about his disordered, dimly lit room. Too much time is taken for us to see the suggestion that man is an animal torn between primitive satisfactions (represented by a drawer in which Krapp keeps a supply of bananas) and intellectual ones (represented by a second drawer in which Krapp keeps his last spool of unrecorded tape). But from the moment Krapp puts away a banana he has started to eat and decides to listen to a particular tape in his vast collection of reminiscences recorded over a forty-year period (here we willingly allow Mr. Beckett

the poetic license of pretending that tape recorders were in use many years before 1946, when they actually were put on the market), the play acquires energy and dramatic tension.

It is not a man revisiting his real past as Emily did in "Our Town," but a man revisiting his past as he recalled it in shorter retrospect. Moreover this man is not the depressed, half-alive specimen that squirmed on the microscope slide in Mr. Beckett's other plays. He is a man of extraordinary acuity, sensitivity, and vigor. And finally Krapp has an honesty that permits him to share his human weaknesses with the audience. At one point in the tape he is playing he hears his younger self launch into some romantic overstatement of life's meaning which makes him furious with himself, and he rushes to push the button that will allow him to skip that painful portion. On another occasion, as he is listening with more ease to the old tape, he belatedly hears himself use the word *viduity*. In disbelief he replays the sentence again, angrily stops the machine, rushes to get a dictionary and looks the word up. In this sequence, Mr. Beckett has not only been eminently theatrical, but he has also demonstrated for us the wonder and greatness of language, which most of us must use too pedestrianly.

A little later he skips too far along the tape and comes in at the end of what appears to be a juicy description of a love affair. As the tape moves on into a calmer philosophical postmortem, Krapp jumps with comic, understandable fervor to the rewind button. The description, when we do hear it, is richly poetic, and puts us all to shame for the relative poverty of our own experiences. We feel this poverty both in our depth of feeling and in our unwillingness to treat it with the importance and beauty it has to offer.

At the end of the play Krapp is left with his arms about the tape recorder, an old man clutching the heat of life with an appreciation that has grown proportionately with his diminished power to live it.

The performers are excellent. This applies to both the faithful tape recorder and to Donald Davis, who give us the old Krapp in character, and the young Krapp in a pre-recorded voice that sounds a little like Orson Welles. Director Alan Schneider and designer William Ritman have used the stage imaginatively. Behind the lighted foreground they have created a darkness into which Krapp can take mysterious excursions whose purpose is suggested only by the sound of a cork being pulled out of a bottle. The end result is a rich half-hour in which Mr. Beckett happily emerges as closer to Dylan Thomas than to the intellectual stunt man he has previously appeared.

THE second part of the evening at the Provincetown Playhouse is furnished by **"The Zoo Story."** Written by new playwright Edward Albee, it concerns a beatnik's furious assault on an unwilling bromide made in a desperate effort to awaken some genuine shared feeling with someone. It is fascinating theatre, but space limitations force me to postpone appropriate appreciation of it until another week.

—HENRY HEWES.

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The Sixties

Continued from page 14

the tasks of rehabilitation and reform that confront us.

In the Sixties, we shall have to expand vastly our high school plants and add to their teaching staffs and facilities as the high school population increases by at least one-third. We shall have to do the same for colleges and universities, for here the student body will at a minimum double and, if we include adults as part-time students, possibly rise by as much as 200 per cent.

We are confronted by inadequate educational resources—in plant, teachers, laboratories and libraries. We are in process of reducing to essentials high school curriculums and at the same time experimenting successfully with open and closed-circuit television, tape recorders, and other audio-visual aids. The colleges and the universities will have to submit to the same rigorous regimen (there is no proof that mass education vitiates quality) as they take on the tasks of training not an elite for leadership but all capable young people and all grown men and women for creative activity, useful service to the community, and richer personal living. An open door to education for all those having the capacity, whether it is at higher or middle levels, is a unique American commitment; there are too many risks that real talents will be missed when educational policy is based on selection through high school performance and is accompanied by steadily mounting fees. The first equates youthful achievement with the promise of mature growth (a dubious assumption—for it disregards the late starters and those who come from underprivileged family backgrounds where motivations for learning are weak); the second inevitably leads to education on a class basis.

One real area for reform is to be found in the elimination of wastes in educational budgets; a second, in the imposition of a greater share of costs on the ultimate beneficiaries, probably through long-term loans at low interest rates. Further, a good part of higher education at much lower outlays—certainly for the first two years and for many adults—can be carried out in local community colleges and institutes and by television, leaving the universities to train the top echelons and to serve as examining bodies for the whole system.

I have discussed education in some detail because it lies at the center of our problem and our needs; and because a more skilful handling of its requirements will free us from the threat of growing Federal intervention, which starts with financing and ends with regimentation.

Similar observations are in order as regards medical services and hospitalization. As in the case of schools, unquestionably we shall need more plants, trained personnel, and funds; but the more efficient use of resources—group practice on a much larger scale than now exists, the employment of nurses only for professional duties and not in the menial chores that now take up so much of their time—and more self-financing, through insurance, will lift part of the heavy burden which threatens to crush us. Again, I am arguing that Federal help must be relegated to the background until we have explored local and personal means of resolving our perplexities.

The problem of our cities—filled with obsolescent residential buildings and therefore growing slums, clogged with automobile traffic, threatened by the termination of railroad services for commuters, badly served by presently located social facilities—must be faced up to. Suburbia is expanding and merging more and more into metropolitan areas; by the end of the Sixties, at least two-thirds of our people will be city dwellers. The cities need physical rehabilitation if we are to come to grips with the disturbing phenomena of racial hostilities, juvenile delinquency, disordered family relations; if we are to keep them as creative centers for the arts, taste, and entertainment; if we are to use them efficiently for the maintenance of those light industries where style and variety are important factors, and for warehousing and distribution facilities from which to supply the satellite communities springing up about them.

AGAIN, local leadership and local self-help—through state and municipal participation, aided and strengthened by local financing and the cooperation of non-profit organizations of citizens on the spot—offer a more fruitful approach than the clamor for large-scale Federal financing. Pittsburgh and Cleveland are two of the many cities up and down the country that have begun to assume their own responsibilities manfully.

Technological change will go on—based on research, investment, an imaginative tax policy, bold management direction—if we have the will to pay the price of progress. Old industries will have to be modernized or abandoned instead of being propped up by subsidy. Economically blighted areas will have to be rehabilitated as state authorities and private groups develop possibilities for new industries (the South today is beginning to do this on an impressive scale). Workers and marginal farmers will have to be retrained. All impediments to the advance of productivity—featherbedding in jobs, managed prices by industry—will have to be cleared away. This will require courage on the part of trade union leaders and the makers of industrial policy, along with a more vigorous enforcement of the country's antitrust laws, which can constitute a powerful and effective weapon.

THE PROSPECTS for the Sixties, when measured by every economic index, are bright. There is no doubt that the outstanding beneficiaries will be the country's laboring population, which, besides the securities against prolonged unemployment built into our economic system, will enjoy the highest income and the greatest amount of leisure any society has ever witnessed. With education and the heightening of taste, there need be no concern that the additional leisure time will not be used profitably. Travel; the purchase of books, pictures, and records; the support of local museums, art galleries, symphony orchestras, theaters; the vast expansion of extension courses and formal registration in college and university programs – these already have demonstrated that hours released from work are not necessarily frittered away.

But if a society is to be mobile—always finding room for talents at the top; always willing to experiment with new technological and organizational methods; always willing to reconstruct when older ways and commitments have served their purpose—it must also be bold. This is the real challenge of the Sixties to America. Its triumphs will be the greater and the more secure if we can confront our problems frankly, if we can seek honest solutions unaffected by the pressures of self-serving groups and the natural claims of traditional attitudes.

In the 1960s we have the opportunity of becoming the showcase of the world. For where else will the ordinary citizen—secure in his private life and free to be guided by his own conscience, loyalties, and taste—be as much the center and the purpose of political arrangements and social and economic organization? If we succeed in the Sixties, authoritarianism will have its final and conclusive answer. By our example—and not by our power—we will have a profound influence on all those awakened peoples who are now stirring so restlessly everywhere.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

"Dutchman" with Distinctions—Debut of Vickers

WHEN the Fliegende Holländer" overture was last exciting patrons at the Metropolitan Opera under the direction of Fritz Reiner, the moments that followed the curtain rise seemed something of a letdown. In the current revival, for which Thomas Schippers is the conductor, this did not occur. The letdown occurred before the curtain was raised as the prelude alternately stormed and stumbled, plodded and raced to its conclusion. So inept a conception of a vital piece of music is rarely experienced in a presumably professional theatre. If the orchestra performed as if it didn't care, it could hardly be blamed.

Once the curtain was up, and George London appeared to sing his Bayreuth-bred Dutchman, the center of gravity shifted from pit to stage with a settling effect all around. And Schippers's command of his responsibility was more secure, his expenditure of effort better mated to judgment. He managed to get from here to there faster than most of his predecessors, which is one way, if not the best, of dealing with Wagner's impulsive, uneven, but inimitable score.

A particularly able, good-looking and strong-sounding cast had the central characterization of London as its axis. He towered over his first, second, and third mates in artistic stature as he did in physical height, dispensing that indispensable "aura" without which a Dutchman is but a bearded man in dark clothes. In etching an impersonation which belongs with his Amfortas and Wolfram, his Mandryka in "Arabella," London performed the music not only with a steady sense of purpose, but with a weary resignation (touched occasionally with unfulfilled hope) which gives the whole work its dramatic notivation. The other men were equally good and equally in the picture—Giorgio Tozzi as a Daland without the gruffness associated with Germanic bassos and a flicker of humor eminently appealing, Karl Liebl as an uncommonly persuasive Erik, and the young American William Olvis as a steersman with a dramatic voice marked for bigger things.

Equally contributory to the total effect was the youthfully fervent Senta of Leonie Rysanek, who absorbed the eye with her romantically convincing appearance whether or not she always charmed the ear with her singing. In what has become somewhat of a vocal pattern with her, this Senta was alternately excellent and untidy. In full voice, the tones ring out impressively, and she commands a beautiful pianissimo. But in the middle register, at middle power, the sound is apt to be cloudy, poorly supported. For a woman so richly endowed with musicianship, temperament, and good looks to settle for "yes, but," when so much more is within her grasp, would be a pity. The audience response she generates with her searing full voice may be a deception if it lulls her into complacency about her present limitations.

As for Schippers: the continuing trial by fire should be mated with music of more modest merits than Wagner if the management is not to be convicted of indifference to its survival, or to his. That this was a "Dutchman" with distinctions was due to an excellent cast, able stage direction by Herbert Graf, and careful use of the scenic designs descended from the Jones-Elson production of 1950, rather than to qualified musical direction. Indeed, Kurt Adler's chorus showed a better indoctrination in the spirit of the music than did the hard-driven orchestra.

A tenor who should be on the scene for some time to come made his Metropolitan debut with the first appearance of Jon Vickers. However it is not likely that he will make his American career in such roles as the Canio of "Pagliacci," in which he introduced himself: he sings it with sure control, musical intelligence, and dramatic persuasion but with neither the vocal style nor the richness of sound favored in this part. Strength and health are the components of the Vickers voice rather than beauty per se; and his top tones are more than a little inhibited. Assuming he is not pushed too far too fast he could develop into a dramatic singer of quality. The evening was marked by a sumptuous singing of the "Prologo" by Cornell MacNeil (which is not news) and by a very agreeable Silvio by Calvin Marsh (which is).

OTHER operatic events of the week included the first Amneris of Christa Ludwig in "Aïda" and a return of Eugene Berman's handsome designs for "Don Giovanni," with a largely familiar cast. By the measure of the Metropolitan stage, whose recent Amnerises have included Rankin, Madeira, Thebom, Barbieri, et al (with Simionato to come in a few weeks), this was a small-scale effort, purposeful when the scoring was kind, tending to the inaudible in concerted scenes or ensembles. Miss Ludwig's talents are considerable, but hardly sufficient to bracket Susanna, Octavian, and Amneris. Lücine Amara was the increasingly appealing Aïda, Cornell MacNeil the impressive Amonasro. At the tail end of a week that included two "Tristans," "Fliegende Holländer," and an afternoon "Pelleas," the orchestra was, understandably, less than mercurial in response to Böhm's direction of Mozart. Eleanor Steber's Donna Anna tends increasingly to shrillness, as Roberta Peters's Zerlina does to a brittle sophistication not at all characteristic of the role. Balancing these abrasive elements were the excellent Elvira of Lisa della Casa, Cesare Siepi's vibrant Don, the finely sung Leporello of Fernando Corena, and Cesare Valletti's expert Ottavio. William Wildermann's Commendatore was, also, commendable.

In his "Spectra," Gunther Schuller has made a manful attempt to overturn what has become one of the most anarchical institutions known to twentieth-century man — the conventional seating of the symphony orchestra. Others (including Stravinsky and Hindemith) have propounded a new family relationship in which strings are banished or brass excluded, but Schuller has no such discriminatory impulse.

In this arrangement for performance of a score which Dimitri Mitropoulos commissioned the orchestra is grouped in seven segments, with woodwinds to the left rear of the conductor, where strings normally sit, and tubas moved up on the right to a prominence they do not normally enjoy. A bass flute could be seen directly in front of the podium.

Whether to the palate or the ear, the proof of the pudding is the tasting: and Schuller's musical upside-down cake had a distinctive flavor of its own. Mitropoulos's conviction in the validity of the results was as much a part of the outcome as the means devised by Schuller. Acoustically, then, the arrangement justified itself: but what about music? It is, perhaps, asking too much for innovators to be perfect in practice as well as theory (few have, since J. S. Bach in his "48"). It is fair to say that Schuller proved a well-sounding point with his seating for "Spectra" even if the music itself suggested that he miscalculated the degree to which such an adventurous set-up could be exploited. Horses for courses is a dependable rule of the turf: Schuller's did well with the hurdles but

(*Continued on page 49*)

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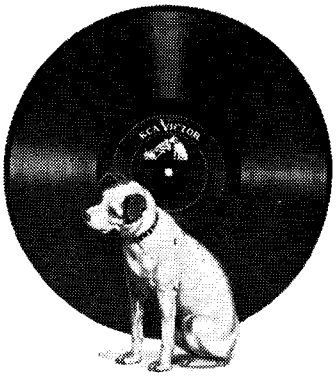

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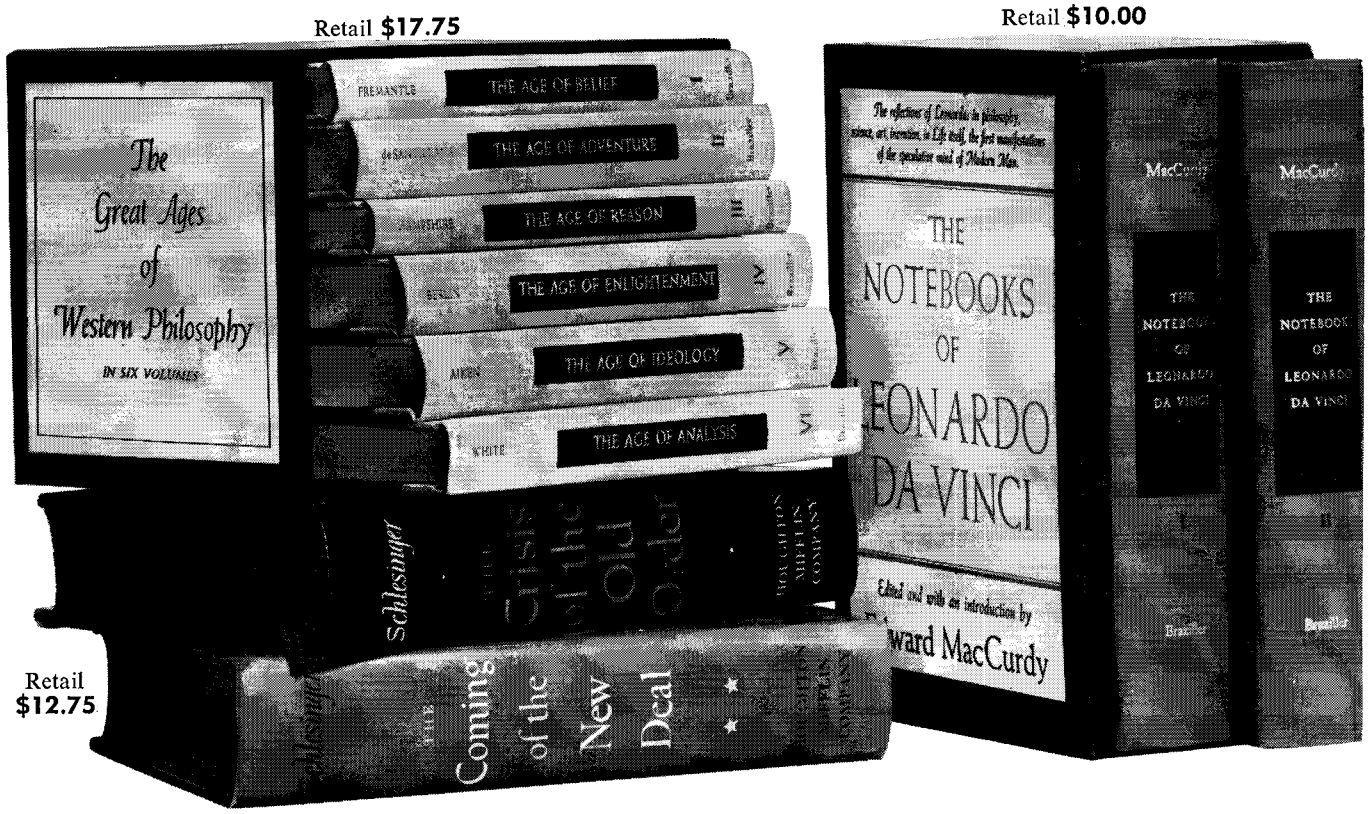

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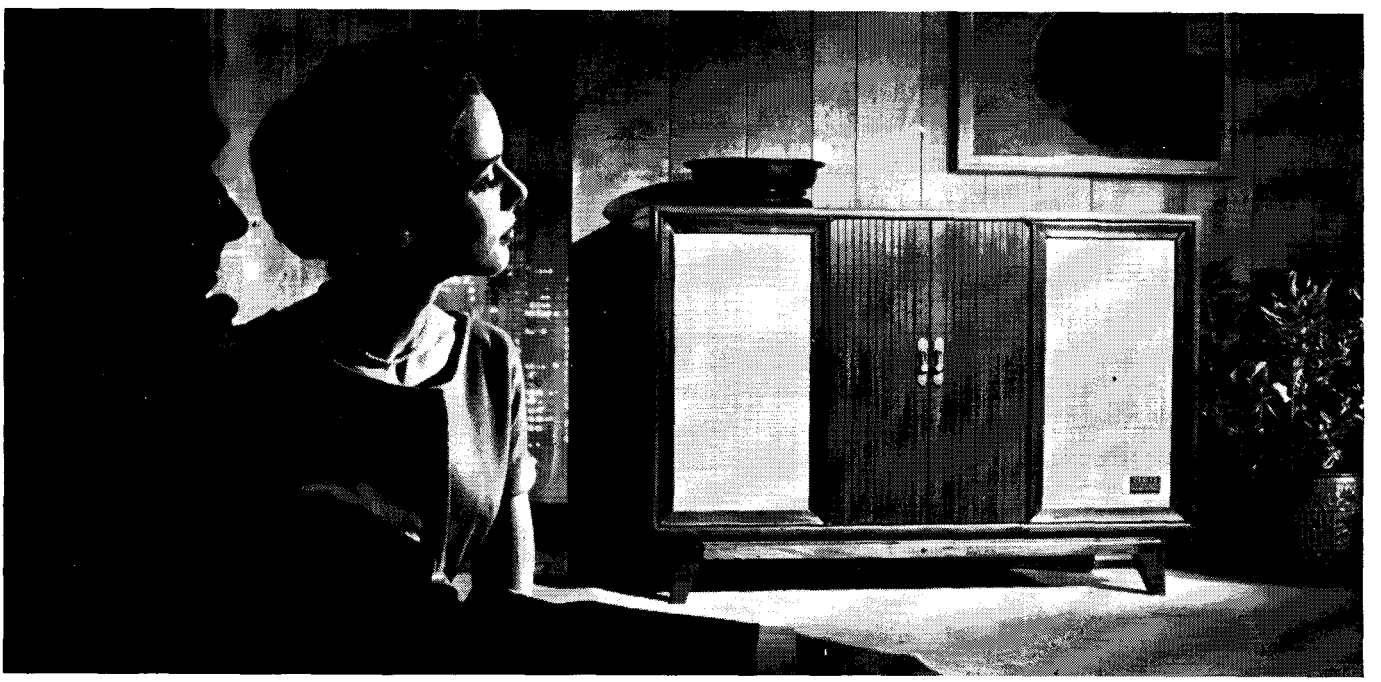

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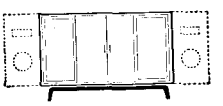

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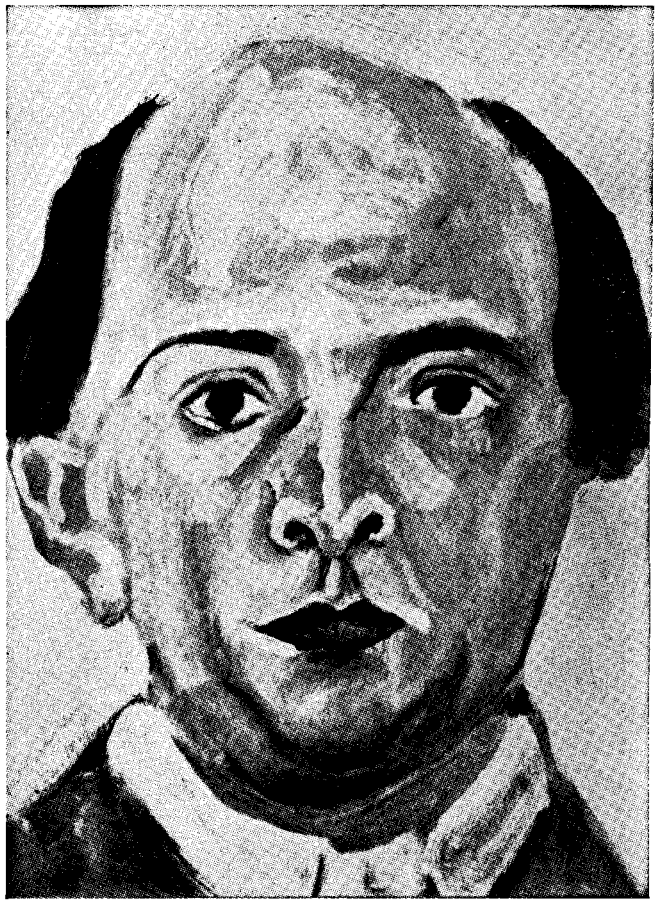
Schoenberg—Portrait by George Gershwin, 1937.



Arnold Schoenberg—Self Portrait, 1910

SCHOENBERG IN HIS LETTERS

By ROBERT BREUER

IN A BRIEF thank-you note sent to all those who had congratulated him at the occasion of his seventy-fifth birthday (September 13, 1949), Arnold Schoenberg summed up the results of his artistic achievements, although his introductory words of sighing resignation that he "would find recognition only after his death" attest to his full awareness of the distressing fact that he would not live long enough to obtain understanding for all "that I have to say in music." He compares his own bitter struggles to those suffered by Beethoven, Wagner, and Mahler, who also "had things to say which had to be said." In a more humorous vein, he states: "Once, while serving in the [Austrian] army [during World War I], I had been asked whether I was really A.S., 'that composer.' 'It had to be someone,' I tersely replied, 'and since none wanted to be him, I had to take over this part myself.'"

Out of a total of more than 3,000 letters (typewritten carbon copies of which were found in Schoenberg's literary bequest, or originals that were painstakingly collected by the editor), Erwin Stein, for decades one of Schoenberg's most stalwart disciples and personal friends, culled 247 significant epistles which form the amazingly frank and outspoken contents of a stately volume: "Arnold Schoenberg—Briefe" (B. Schott's Söhne, Mainz). The correspondence, encompassing the years from 1910 to 1951, is limited to expressions from the composer's side. Although Stein's precise annotations and footnotes are of considerable help in deciphering many background secrets, one would have preferred, in certain hectic arguments, to read also the addressees' original inquiries or their replies. The period covered by these letters is the one which followed the first ("tonal") period of the composer, a period which was filled by the early songs, the string sextette "Transfigured Night," the still Wagner-influenced "Gurrelieder," the symphonic poem "Pelleas and Melisande," the First and Second String Quartets, and several compositions for chamber orchestra, a

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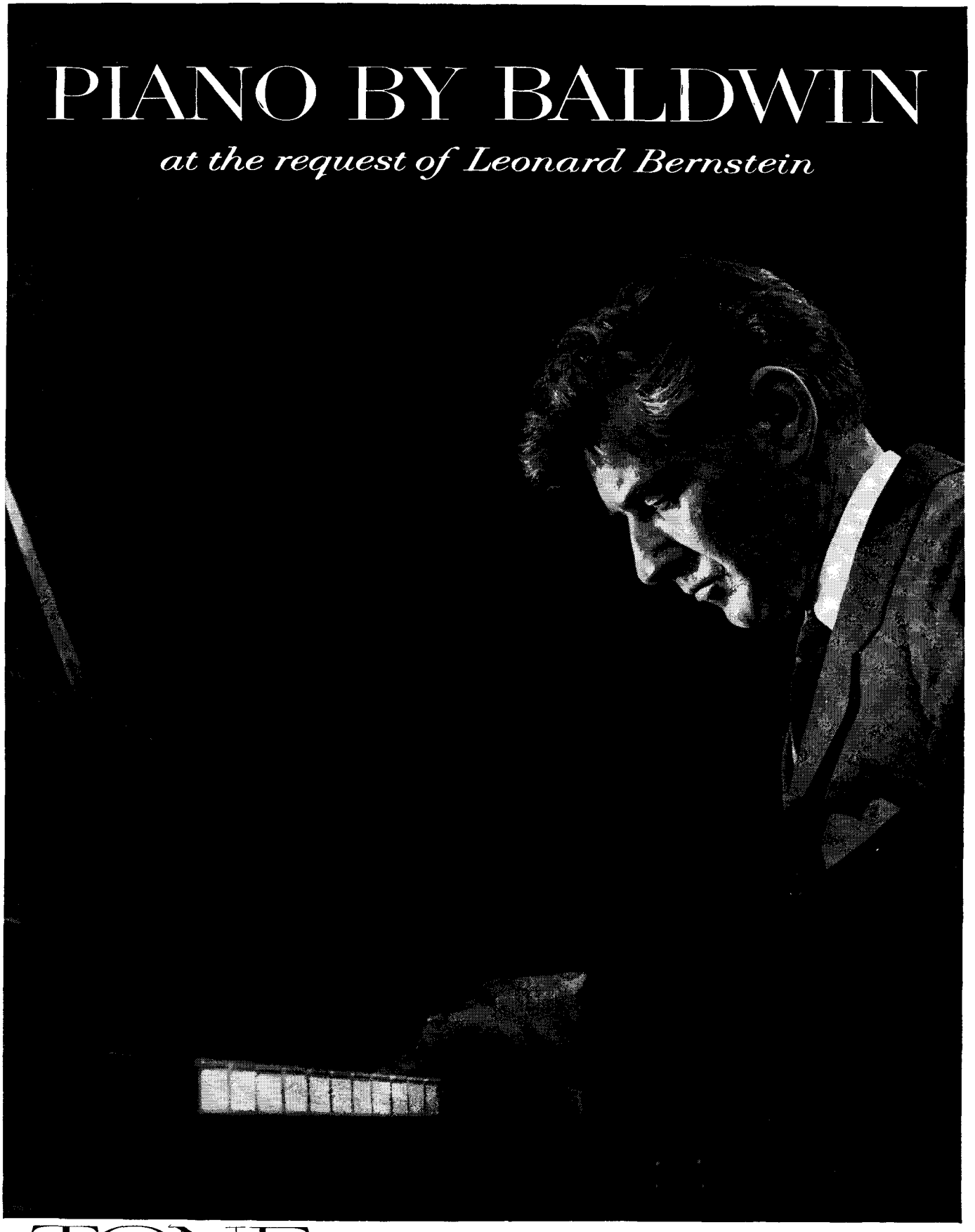

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cappella chorus, and solo voice. The posthumous harvest reveals a personality as bold and defiant in spirit as he was soft and tender at heart. There is nothing that can explain better Schoenberg's passionate and never-ending fight for what he felt and what he sought than the credo of his life: "This is my nobility: I do believe in what I do and I do only [those things] I believe in."

Schoenberg resignedly bore his tragic dual fate as an Austrian and as a Jew. One marvels at the concepts and goals of a man who (except for having studied counterpoint with Alexander Zemlinsky for a few months) was a self-taught composer and pedagogue. Once he wrote to a friend: "I don't know of any system for having talented pupils achieve their smooth development. However: to find problems, should they exist, and to solve them, and last not least, to be successful—that's the teacher's job." Schoenberg, often hampered by financial worries, not only relentlessly braced his iron will to overcome all difficulties, but also was openly proud of his historical position. In 1910, when, once again, he was in dire need he offered the managing director of the Universal Edition (his Vienna publishers) a gratis painting if he, in turn, would recommend influential friends to have their likenesses done by Schoenberg (as expressionistic painter he once showed his art in a one-man exhibition). "Don't tell these people they will definitely like what I do," he admonished his mentor, "but tell them that they now could buy a portrait done by me for 200 to 400 Kronen—a piece of art that will be worth ten times as much in twenty years, and a hundred times as much in forty. . . ." In other words, Schoenberg meant to say, people should know who was portraying them even though they would not appreciate the artist's style.

The recently published volume of letters has been arranged in five individual phases, each one prefaced by a short biographical sketch as well as by a list of compositions and theoretical writings done during this period. Briefly summarized, these are the groups:

(1) *Vienna-Berlin-Vienna (1910-1918)*: Pierrot Lunaire. "Die glückliche Hand." Four Songs with orchestra. Harmonielehre.
(2) *Vienna-Mödling near Vienna (1919-1925)*: Five piano pieces. Suite for piano, Opus 25. Quintet for wind instruments.
(3) *Berlin-Barcelona (1926-1933)*: Third String Quartet. "Von Heute auf Morgen." "Moses und Aaron" (Acts I and II).
(4) *France-United States (1933-1944)*: Fourth String Quartet. Violin Concerto. Kol Nidre. Second Chamber Symphony. Ode to Napoleon. Piano Concerto, Opus 42. Theme and variations for wind instruments. Models for Beginners in Composition.
(5) *Los Angeles (1945-1951)*: A Survivor from Warsaw. Fantasy for violin. De Profundis (unfinished). Structural Functions of Harmony. Style and Idea.

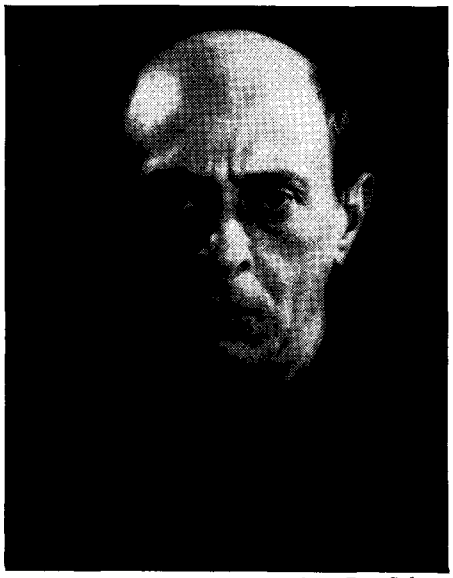
The letters are addressed to composers, conductors, stage managers, singers, pupils, friends; to newspapers, organizations, committees. The following names, selected at random, reveal the wide range of the correspondence: Alban Berg, Artur Bodanzky, Ferruccio Busoni, Pablo Casals, Luigi Dallapiccola, Olin Downes, Hanns Eisler, Wilhelm Furtwängler, Josef Matthias Hauer, Heinrich Jalowetz, Wassily Kandinsky, Otto Klemperer, Oskar Kokoschka, Rudolf Kolisch, René Leibowitz, Max Liebermann, Adolf Loos, Alma Mahler-Werfel, Thomas Mann, Karl Rankl, Hans Rosbaud, Josef Rufer, Hermann Scherchen, Franz Schreker, Roger Sessions, Erwin Stein, Eduard Steuermann, Edgar Varèse, Tibor Varga, Anton Webern, Alexander Zemlinsky.

Upon being informed that Varèse, then director of the International Composers' Guild, had planned to perform "Pierrot Lunaire" at an early date (in New York) Schoenberg, somewhat bewildered, wrote on Oct 23, 1922:

> Are you sure of your success? Do you have a gifted narrator, a violinist, a pianist, a conductor? How many rehearsals do you intend to have? Here, in Vienna, we had almost one hundred rehearsals despite the prevailing hunger and bitter cold, and it was possible to muster a first-class ensemble under my direction. You, however, simply set a date and think that's all you have to do. Do you have any idea of the difficulties; of the style; of the declamation; of the tempi; of the dynamics and of all the rest? And, under such conditions, you would want me to join you? No, I won't. To do so, I am not smart enough. If you wish to deal with me, you have to choose other tactics. Let me ask you: How many rehearsals? Who is preparing the performance? Who is the narrator? Who plays? Only if I am fully satisfied with each and every one of your answers, will I give you the green light to go ahead. Otherwise, I have nothing to say and you are free to do what you want. But in such a case don't bother me with any questions!

As in many other instances, this brusque tone (Schoenberg always placed the artistic idea above the mere conventional) led to lasting friendships with men whom, in the majority of cases, he had frankly reassured with the hope he would have the opportunity of being somewhat more polite some other time.

An excellent example of Schoenberg's biting wit may be seen in his answer (November 19, 1921) to the Prague newspaper *Bohemia,* which had sounded him out on the question, "Which five persons would be worth being saved by you if you were Noah in a modern flood?" The "chosen five" selected by famous people were to be announced in the paper's Christmas supplement. Stein



—*Man Ray-Culver.*

Arnold Schoenberg in 1941—"would find recognition only after his death."

does not tell us whether the editors ever published Schoenberg's reply:

> Please let me know whether the number could be a little more than five? I myself and my nearest relatives number more than five alone. And I have so many good friends I want to save. Enclosed a postal card: I would be grateful if you would let me know who wishes to save *me,* so that I may be around in time. . . .

Schoenberg, intransigent, never made any concessions. Hurt once by an attack, he could never forgive the offender. Thus, in 1914, Schoenberg energetically refused writing a few words on Richard Strauss's fiftieth birthday because he had been informed of some remarks Strauss had made about him in a letter to Alma Mahler. ("Only a psychiatrist could help poor Schoenberg. He would do better shoveling snow than writing on music paper.") Schoenberg said he did not want to

(*Continued on page 56*)

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JOHN CAGE LATE AND EARLY

By VIRGIL THOMSON

THE 25-YEAR Retrospective Concert of the Music of John Cage, recorded in performance at Town Hall on May 16, 1958 (available from George Avakian, Warner Bros., 666 Fifth Ave., New York), is an album of six LP sides (monaural or stereo, $25). It contains program notes by the composer and facsimile pages from his manuscript scores. Both the music and Cage's statements about it reveal a powerful personality long preoccupied with both abstraction, as the art world now understands that term, and with naturalistic expression.

"Six Short Inventions for Seven Instruments" date from 1934. These are chromatic pieces, canonic in texture, though not serial, deriving tonally from the preoccupations of his subsequent teacher, Arnold Schoenberg. They already have the sweet cheerfulness, humor, liveliness, and refinement that characterize Cage. They also show the beginnings of his preoccupation with arithmetical structure.

"Constructions in Metal" (1937) employ a layout that Cage was going to use with little change for the next fifteen years. This is a method of structuring a non-tonal piece by organizing a chosen length of playing time into segments interrelated numerically. The sound of "Constructions" is dominated by metal and is utterly resplendent, involving cowbells, a gamelan, automobile brake drums, orchestral bells, thundersheets, anvils, cymbals, gongs of all sizes, and a pianoforte played with a drum beater.

"Imaginary Landscape No. 1" (1939) suggests a sorcerer (or his apprentice) in a radio studio, where electronically produced sounds can swoop around and fly through the air with the greatest of ease. The sounds lack charm (as all electronically produced sounds do), and technologically the work is primitive. But for its time, ten years before tape, it is remarkable.

Side No. 2 embodies Cage's chief experiments with vocal music, expertly sung by Arline Carmen. A text from James Joyce, "The Wonderful Widow of Eighteen Springs," is limited in its vocal line to three notes in the low register and in its accompaniment to a few finger thumps and knuckle knocks on divers parts of a closed grand piano.

—*The New School.*

John Cage—"powerful personality preoccupied with both abstraction and naturalistic expression."

The piece does not come off ideally, either as music or as declamation. Much more striking is "Duo," a vocalise accompanied by prepared piano.

This forms the second part of "She Is Asleep" (1943). The first part is a Quartet for 12 Tomtoms (three to a player). The latter has exquisite delicacy and a highly elaborate rhythmic texture. The author describes its effect as hypnotic. This reviewer did not find it so; but the introduction of long silences toward the end clearly illustrates someone falling asleep. The vocalise depicts a state of sleep, its little moans evoking what a watcher might hear. The vowel employed is vague, like humming with the mouth open. Consonants are rare; but grace notes attacked by a glottis stroke and from above, as in the Chinese opera, are present; and sometimes deliberate tremolando is employed, as in Monteverdi. There are glissandi too. The effect is sonorously agreeable and intensely, almost disquietingly, realistic.

Two whole sides are occupied by Sonatas and Interludes (1946-48), ten in all, representing one-half of the entire work, which contains twenty. These are admirably played on a prepared piano by Maro Ajemian. Heard separately, they are delightful, varied, sprightly, recalling in both sound and shape the Esercizi (or Sonatas) for harpsichord by Domenico Scarlatti. But in spite of the great mastery evident, they do tend to wear down the ear with their repetitions and with the monotony of their pings and thuds.

With "Williams Mix" (1952) we are in full *musique concrète* and the full expansion of a new structural method—also in full naturalism as to the materials used. This is an assemblage on one tape of eight other tapes, controlled as to the presence and loudness of its musical materials by calculations involving the flipping of coins and the dealing of cards. The Chinese Book of Changes (I Ching) is the chief source of these hazard techniques. The length of the tape, four and a quarter minutes, seems to have been chosen arbitrarily.

The materials, according to Cage, are recordings of "city sounds, country sounds, electronic sounds, manually produced sounds, including the literature of music, wind-produced sounds, including songs, and small sounds requiring amplification to be heard with the others." All these put together ought to make a jolly row, but somehow they do not. I suspect that too many silences, turning up through the games of chance, have left this work a mite below its point of optimum animation.

The summit of the album and its finale is a Concert for Piano and Orchestra (1957-58). This is probably Cage's most complex work and certainly his most entertaining. It makes a jolly row and a good show. What with the same man playing two tubas at once, a trombone player using only his instrument's mouthpiece, a violist sawing away across his knees, and the soloist David Tudor crawling around on the floor and thumping his piano from below, for all the world like a 1905 motorist, the Town Hall spectacle, as you can imagine, was one of cartoon comedy.

So, indeed, was the sound of the piece, with every instrument improvising, or seeming to, its most outlandish effects—bleats, burps, bangs, tweaks, squeals, guffaws, and sudden trills. Since all these sounds are produced by musical instruments played by musicians, they are related to those of a classical orchestra, with all the richness and all the variety available from such a highly evolved sound source.

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They come very high, very low, very loud, very soft, and in an infinite variety of colors. The piano part alone contains eighty-four different kinds of musical event. The result of all this variety, and also of the aristocratic, inherently "musical" character of the instruments and players producing it, is a far cry from the poverty of electronic sound. It is humane, civilized, and sumptuous. And if the general effect is that of an orchestra just having fun, it is doubtful whether any orchestra ever before had so much fun or gave such joyful hilarity to its listeners.

The structural method behind this piece carries chance to its ultimate. Even in performance, the Concert could not ever possibly come out twice alike. Nor significantly different either. Its subject is its palette of sounds, nothing else. And if these express through their choice the gaiety and sweetness of Cage's temperament and through their manipulation his high capacity for inventing games, this composer can be said here to have, like many another, expressed himself.

The whole album is like that—pure Cage. His music has from the beginning had a personal sound and a distinctive climate of expression. The music is the man. And the man is a California Western, optimistic, full of laughter and some tenderness, devoted to success and to what he calls "nature." By "nature" he seems to mean a mystical devotion to the casual (in vegetation and in humanity), though he also admits to his music order and number, which have for him all the fascination of the more "natural" phenomena. In any case, like most of our artists from the West coast, he arranges his "nature," his selected casual materials, according to the best principles of occult symmetry as these have been codified in East Asia.

The present recording, with its excellent notes, gives an ample view of a striking personality who is also our most "far out" composer.

For a more personal acquaintance with Cage, I recommend "Indeterminacy," subtitled "New Aspect of Form in Instrumental and Electronic Music" (Folkways Records FT 3704, $11.90). In this album (four LP sides) John Cage reads while David Tudor plays intermittent quotations from music by Cage. These do not interfere with the reading; that is to say with its clarity. The text consists of anecdotes—moral, philosophical, and funny—all told deadpan. Their choice gives a picture of the composer's mind, their manner of telling the true sound of his voice. One of the very best personal appearance recordings available anywhere.

"J. B." REVISITED

By JOHN CIARDI

IT IS two years now since I first reviewed "J.B." in these pages (*SR*, Mar. 8, 1958), hailing it as a newborn classic, and concluding with a wry prediction (which I have eaten with excellent appetite) that it was probably too good for Broadway.

Now, by way of preserving as much as possible of the play's first flush, Victor has released a handsome album of a recorded performance (LD 6075, $11.98) with Raymond Massey, Christopher Plummer, James Daly, and Nan Martin in the leading roles. From such a cast one could hardly expect anything but a solid performance, especially after long seasoning in the role, and certainly my expectations were happily fulfilled. The cast delivers everything there is in the script, and delivers it movingly.

It is the script itself that re-emerges for me in this new album, and the release makes a natural occasion for adding some second thoughts to my first enthusiasm.

Let me say at once that the text of this recorded performance has undergone so many changes from the originally published version that I was frequently lost in trying to follow the reading with book in hand. Luckily, I had a copy of the acting script which I had borrowed from MacLeish during rehearsals and had had reproduced with his permission. That script is very nearly the text of the recorded version. Which is to say that the recorded version is substantially the version the theatre audience will remember.

The only really substantial changes to date—and most of these, I believe, had been put in by the time the play closed—are the speeches inserted for J.B. toward the end, insertions which, I am afraid, suggest a slightly uneasy effort to clarify J.B.'s final position.

Or perhaps I suspect this uneasiness from inside myself, for I have gradually been finding myself uncertain of the play's resolution, and now, after listening to it all again, I think I am able to locate some of what has been troubling me. My doubts all cluster about the end, but their sources lie deep in the development of the play's basic themes.

MacLeish, as I see it, has taken the Job legend out of a God-centered universe and reset it in a naturalistic universe. Stricken, J.B. cries out to the blank spaces for Justice, but when The Voice finally answers, all God has to say is that He is bigger than a man. But J.B. knew that. He had asked for justice, not for *size*. And there, at what I take to be the true climax of the play, J.B. bows his head *and forgives God*, for he realizes that size is the only answer the universe can give back.

From that point, however, the action simply runs down. The return of J.B.'s wife seems to be merely tacked on. And the simple assertion at the end that we must love and have courage is somehow not enough, even with MacLeish's added statement (which he reads himself in a special introduction to the present album) that this story "belongs to the courage of a woman and a man."

THAT assertion should be enough. Certainly, I am ready to believe it from inside myself. For, once a man has stared his soul out at mindless space what can he do but cling to the human predicament or blow his brains out? My trouble is that J.B. does not make me believe it from inside himself. And I think I locate his failure to do so in a failure of his own character.

J.B. keeps crying to Heaven to know his sin, and by the third time I have heard the recording out, I am not only convinced that I know what it is, but I am tempted to shout it out to him.

In brief, he is a fathead. His sin ("sin" is his term, not mine) is a piety so shallow and so fatuously self-righteous that even when he first hears that two of his children have been smeared against a wall in an auto wreck, he must take the occasion to philosophize upon the righteousness of *his* behavior and of *his* convictions. Sarah, at least, has the human grace to be all but inarticulate in her grief. But not J.B. He has to talk it up even over the mangled bodies of his children.

Any man can be fatheaded, and every man is at one time or another. What thins J.B. to my second thoughts is that he could endure every conceivable suffering and never once realize unequivocally either that he was in fact fatheaded, or that fatheadedness is (still in his own terms) sin

(*Continued on page 55*)

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Recordings in Review

Berganza of Madrid

ROSSINI: *"Una voce poco fa," "Contro un cor" ("Barbiere di Siviglia,") "Cruda sorte! amor tiranno," "Per lui che adoro," "Amici in ogni evento" ("L'Italiana"), "Fac ut portem" ("Stabat Mater"), "Bel raggio" ("Semiramide"), and "Non più mesta" ("Cenerentola"). Teresa Berganza, mezzo soprano, with London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Alexander Gibson.* London 5514, $4.98.

Last month Sutherland, this month Berganza, next month . . .? London has entered the new decade with one more exceptional singer, to whom it has provided the endorsement not only of a contract but also a full solo record on which to spell out her abilities. If they do not yet quite spell S-i-m-i-o-n-a-t-o or, even less, S-u-p-e-r-v-i-a, they give every indication of making Berganza a name to cast a spell of its own soon enough.

A twenty-six-year-old Madrileña, Berganza is only six years out of the Madrid Conservatorio, with an opera debut at the 1957 Aix-en-Provence Festival. But she has a fine-sounding, flexible, and integrated range of at least two octaves (b to B), a really musical command of the matters she pursues in these grooves, and, most valuable of all, a lively sense of character projection appropriate to Rossini's mischievous heroines.

As a sampling of the list above will reveal, any mezzo able to deal with the vocal and temperamental complications of "Bel raggio," "Non più mesta," and "Per lui che adoro" must be certified for recognition as a new phenomenon on the vocal horizon. Miss Berganza now and again misses exact contact with a tone but this is apt to be within the middle stretch (at the "break" in the voice) of the range, rather than at the extremes. Her top is sparkling and sure, her low range solid without being unduly dwelt upon. With equipment of this sort at her disposal, Miss Berganza should be an international celebrity before she is thirty.

Teresa Berganza—"has a fine-sounding, flexible, and integrated range of at least two octaves."

Franck by Giulini

FRANCK: *Symphony in D minor, "Psyché et Eros." Carlo Maria Giulini conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra.* Angel stereo 35641, $5.98.

Representative recordings by Carlo Maria Giulini are so infrequent and generally of such superior quality that a new one naturally arouses curiosity for the light it may shed on his still unfolding career. Here he shows himself more than a sympathetic interpreter of Franck—rather a musician of such sensitivity and restraint that it opens vistas of large areas of the French repertory in which he should be equally adept.

It is, of course, a temptation for the conductor to emphasize the elements in which any music, traditionally, abounds—the "drama" of Tchaikovsky, the formality of Mozart, the "mysticism" of Franck. The consequence, most often, is not full statement, but overstatement (as, for example, the Franck symphony of Giulini's mentor, de Sabata). Taking the opposite course, as must occur to any logical mind, not infrequently results in pallid understatement. It is the mark of the truly balanced musical mind to find a stimulating middle course, as Giulini has here.

Some may say that the extravagantly hushed pianissimo passage in the latter part of the finale is an "operatic" effect. I would settle for calling it a subtle dramatic touch that provides a low-lying point of departure from which the remainder of the movement builds to a powerful conclusion. As with all such daring strokes, the verdict rests on its relationship to the work as a whole: Giulini's taste and judgment are the factors that weigh the decision in his favor. He also has a superior sense of orchestral sound to which the Philharmonia responds with a particularly fine effort.

Ives in Stereo

IVES: *"Three Places in New England," Symphony No. 3. Howard Hanson conducting the Eastman-Rochester Orchestra.* Mercury SR 90149, $5.95.

As anticipated when the conventional predecessor of this disc appeared, Ives is a composer destined to be well served by stereo. His well-known proclivity for two or more tonal sources was meant to produce an orderly, rather than a disorderly, chaos—a condition hitherto beyond the power of single-track, single-speaker reproduction to duplicate. But the grand confusion of effects and images at the end of "Putnam's Camp" is thus not only a confusion, but grand—which is, after all, what Ives had in mind.

So far as the Symphony No. 3 is concerned, it strikes me as a less satisfactory musical experience than "Three Places in New England" for reasons related to this innovator's musical mentality. For my taste, at least, he is more convincing when working with illustrative materials than he is here, for example, with themes based on hymns

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and the like. At the same time, there are distinct suggestions that Ives discovered some elements commonly considered Coplandesque, before Copland did.

Hanson is substantially successful in his projection of the "Three Places," less so in the symphony. One is also conscious, from time to time, that the Eastman-Rochester Orchestra is not quite the keen-edged ensemble to cut through the polytonal and polyrhythmic effects of this composer. It would seem, when dissonance is the issue, that precise intonation would not matter vitally. But it is, after all, measured conflict that is wanted, not mere noise—which may be the result when clashing notes are not exactly in tune.

The Best of Stokowski

BACH (arranged by Stokowski): *Passacaglia and Fugue, "Komm, süsser Tod," Bourrée (English Suite No. 2), Sarabande (Partita No. 1 in B minor), "Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott," "Pastoral" ("Christmas Oratorio"), G minor Fugue ("Little"). Unidentified orchestra conducted by Leopold Stokowski.* Capitol SP 8489, $5.98.

In several ways this disc represents a rare fulfillment of objectives towards which Stokowski has been striving for fifty years. In the more superficial aspect, he has succeeded in obliterating all trace of his "collaborators" of the orchestra (the front of the jacket merely brackets Bach and Stokowski), insofar as identity is concerned. As they are also submerged, individually, into an instrument yielding Stokowski the kind of organ sound he wants, such anonymity may be realistic, but it is hardly charitable.

Thanks, perhaps, to the opportunities of stereo, that "organ sound" surpasses any known product of pedals, keyboards, and pipes in its mellowness and power, its uncanny suggestion of registration and stops. That is to say, Stokowski has succeeded in making the brass and woodwinds, strings and percussion sound more like the synthetic than the real thing, by controlled vibrato, artfully supervised pressure of breath through the mouthpieces, and a bowing technique that almost does away with any sense of pressure on the string. And for an entity that has no identity of its own, this nameless ninety has an exceptional blend and homogeneity.

Fortunately, the excellencies of the sound are coupled with musical impulses of rare sophistication and compulsion. Most of the works are in slow tempo (the Bourrée and Fugue are the exceptions), in which Stokowski evokes a deep, pervasive sense of brooding and introspection. In this respect, the Passacaglia is the best of any performance I have heard since the very first, the swelling richness of "Ein' feste Burg" something I didn't know was within the power of my Fairchild-KLH elements to reproduce. In this remarkably solid demonstration of stereophony, Capitol and Stokowski have given competition, world-wide, something to ponder.

"Faustian" without Fustian

LISZT: *"A Faust Symphony"; "Orpheus." Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra and Beecham Choral Society with Alexander Young, tenor.* Capitol SGBR 7197, $11.96 (two records).

To the many other distinctions which he wears as lightly as his learning, Sir Thomas Beecham may now add the unique one of having conducted, for records, more "Faust" compositions than anyone else ever has, or likely will. For if it is not improbable that some conductor-to-come will share an equal sympathy for Liszt's "symphony" and Wagner's "Faust Overture," who but one reared in Beecham's time could equate them with Gounod's opera (of which his version had some imperishable distinctions)? If it be added that he has not yet had the opportunity to record his favorite "Faust" of all—Berlioz's "Damnation de"—it is apparent that he has a broader acquaintance with the musical aspects of this subject than any man of his time.

Considering the variety and interest of Liszt's score, it is remarkable that no truly qualified version of it has previously appeared on records, and that one can readily recall most of those which have ever existed, from the early one of Selmar Meyrowitz through more recent ones of N. Gauk, George Sebastian, and the late Argenta. Perhaps it is the awkward matter of length which has deterred some: the addition of a fourth-side "Orpheus" will hardly add to the enthusiasm of the "Faust" fanciers, attentive as Beecham is to its values in this (his second) version.

To be sure, Liszt's work is not a symphony, even in a nominal sense, but a sequence of three portraits (Faust, Gretchen, Mephistopheles) in which some musical materials reappear in altered form. Some might say that they are not altered enough as the recurrences and repetitions accumulate. But Beecham sustains the interest successfully through the final, visionary setting of "Alles Vergängliche ist nur ein Gleichnis," for which Alexander Young provides a suitable tenor voice.

A Vernon for a Vladimir

DUKE: *Quartet in C, Variations on an Old Russian Chant, Three Caprices, and "Surrealist Suite." Roth Quartet, Bert Gassman, oboe, and the composer, piano.* Stereo S7024, $5.95.

Once upon a time, as every music lover knows, there were two composers named Vernon Duke and Vladimir Dukelsky. The former wrote popular songs, such as "April in Paris," "I Can't Get Started with You," "What Is There to Do?" and "Autumn in New York"; the latter wrote symphonies, ballets, and other serious music. They shared the same roof (not the most uncommon thing among contemporary composers), even the same skin (which is).

It was quite evident, over the years, that Duke had as much esteem for Dukelsky as Dukelsky had affection for Duke. After all, without Duke's earnings, Dukelsky might not have been able to go on writing the works he wanted to. And like some other couples in which such a "supporting role" has become habit after years, the use of separate names has come to seem rather superfluous. So, as he made mention at the end of his autobiographical "Passport to Paris," they have become one again—though unlike the years from 1903 to 1929 when he was wholly Dukelsky, henceforth he will be only Duke.

Insofar as the works of this disc are concerned, there is nothing in their mostly melodic, skilfully wrought, attractively expressive measures to disquiet Duke or discredit Dukelsky. He would be the first to disclaim any pretension to a weight they do not possess; but it would be a mistake to assume that this means they are lacking in substance or airy fantasy. Indeed there is in both the string quartet of 1956 and the "Surrealist Suite" of 1939 the kind of light touch and sophistication that used to prevail in Paris before its composers turned from the piano to the tape recorder for inspiration. I'd like to hear Duke cultivate this garden even more assiduously (though, I hope, not over-seriously). As this writing shows, he has all the compositional skill needed; and as his songs have long proclaimed, melodic impulse in abundance. May they live happily ever after.

The performances are all expert, including the composer's own in the "Caprices" and suite, and Gassman's in the variations for oboe and strings on an old Russian chant. Nicolas Slonimsky (who also lives a double life in the pages of Theodore Baker's dictionary) is responsible for the lively commentary. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: ORCHESTRAL LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Brahms: Concerto No. 2 in B flat. Hans Richter-Haaser, piano, with the Berlin Philharmonic conducted by Herbert von Karajan. Angel S 35796, $5.98.	As might have been suspected from his recital appearances here during the winter, the bigger and heavier the work the better Richter-Haaser responds to it. He proves himself worthy not only of the fine orchestra and its celebrated conductor, but of the work itself. More mellowness of sound, a broader singing line might be desirable (especially in the Andante) but it is strong-minded, firm-willed performance he provides. Admirable reproduction. (Monaural: 35796, $4.98.)
Chausson: Symphony in B flat. Berlioz: "Benvenuto Cellini" Overture. Robert Denzler conducting the Paris Conservatory Orchestra and the Suisse Romande. London CS 6119, $4.98.	There are few conductors who may be depended upon for an unfailing quality of performance, but Denzler is one who clings unflinchingly to his own dull, dogged manner, whether the work is Adam or Chausson. Here he leaves only a trace of distinction in the symphony, managing to make it sound more like Franck than Franck himself, which is, of course, not the whole story of Chausson by any means. The Berlioz is no worse, but no better either. The engineers do not seem to have overextended themselves.
Frescobaldi: "Quattro Pezzi" (orchestrated by Ghedini); Petrassi: Concerto for Orchestra. Ferdinando Previtali conducting the orchestra of the Accademia di Santa Cecilia. London CS 6112, $4.98.	Both sides of this disc have interest, related not only to content but also to the presentation by Previtali. Petrassi's work, though dating to 1934, represents much the same idea as Bartok exploited nearly a decade later (especially in choir groupings and sound values). The Frescobaldi (two toccatas, two canzoni) are all derived from organ sources, an ancestry Ghedini has aptly honored in his orchestration. Not since Respighi and Casella has such tasteful work been done by anyone on behalf of an earlier Italian's creation. Fine sound throughout. (Monaural: LL 1570, $3.98.)
Gershwin: Cuban Overture; Bernstein: "Danzon"; Gould: "Guaracha"; Benjamin: "From San Domingo," "Jamaican Rumba," etc. Louis Lane conducting the Cleveland Pops Orchestra. Epic BC 1047, $5.98. (Monaural: LC 3626, $4.98).	As was evident in his previous Epic effort (Gould: "American Salute," *SR,* Aug. 29, 1959), the Eastman School product has a finely discriminating hand for music of a lively, rhythmic flow (the kind to which our acquaintance is thus far limited) and a strong control of the orchestra. There has rarely been a better playing of the Gershwin (it "sounds" so well some new instrumental touches could be suspected), the Bernstein, Benjamin, and Gould are deftly done, likewise Villa-Lobos's "The Little Train of the Caipira" and Galindo's "Sones de Mariachi" on side two. A bright-sounding delight.
Massenet: "Scènes Alsaciennes," "Scènes Pittoresques." Albert Wolff conducting the orchestra of the Paris Conservatory. London CS 6139, $4.98.	No one acquainted with his output needs to be reminded that Massenet was writing "mood music" long before the title was minted, or that Wolff, for all his seventy-six years, is the ideal interpreter of it. This stereo equivalent of London mono 1298 utilizes the resources of the medium advantageously for some effects of distance in the "Scènes Alsaciennes."
Mozart: Concertos No. 21 (in C, K. 467) and No. 27 (in B flat, K. 595). Artur Schnabel, piano, with London Symphony directed by Malcolm Sargent and John Barbirolli. Angel COLH 67, $5.98.	This generation has produced nothing to equal, let alone surpass, the qualities of insight and animation Schnabel applies to these works, matched with a finger fluency that always surprises one anew for its purposefulness and dependability. As both conductors were alert to their participation in an enduring effort (Barbirolli in 1934, Sargent in 1937), the balance of attributes is as much as one could reasonably ask. Schnabel's cadenzas for No. 21 are exemplary. The sound, if not glistening, is by no means dull.
Rivier: Symphonies Nos. 3 and 5. Georges Tzipine conducting. Pathé DXT 286, $5.95.	The earlier of these works dates to 1938, which means that it antedates Honegger's Symphony No. 2, in which the concept of a "symphony for strings" attracted substantial attention. Rivier is neither of the *avant garde* nor is he retrogressive, but rather a man with a clear conception of how he wants his music to sound and a skilled technique for accomplishing this objective. Tzipine is an efficient intermediary, and the reproduction is satisfactory (including No. 5, where brass, woodwind, and percussion are added to the strings).
Schubert: Symphony No. 4 (C minor). Walter Susskind conducting the London Symphony. Symphony No. 6 (C major). The same, Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt conducting. Mercury SR 90196, $5.95.	It was a happy thought to combine these two works, for they provide a different view of Schubert's compositional personality than what the average listener knows from the "Unfinished" or the "Great" C major. Both conductors are adjusted to their tasks, though Schmidt-Isserstedt adds a measure of refinement and artistry (reminiscent of a scattering of superior efforts gong back to the Haydn "Surprise" of early LP days) which Susskind lacks. Mercury, incidentally, assures us its stereo is also hi-fi.
Strauss: "Tales from the Vienna Woods," "Fledermaus" and "Gypsy Baron" Overtures, "Annen" and "Auf der Jagd" Polkas; Strauss, Josef: "Delirium" Waltz. Vienna Philharmonic conducted by Herbert von Karajan. RCA Victor LDS 2346, $5.98.	One of the prime memories of the New York musical winter to date was the half-program of Johann Strauss performed with infectious zest by the Vienna Philharmonic under von Karajan in Carnegie Hall. That quality is not quite equaled here (live stimulation rarely is in the recording studio) but it comes very close to the level of such other Ks as Kleiber and Krauss. Higher praise, in the literature of the J. Strausses, is unknown to me. The visual presentation (one of the inaugural items in the Soria series for RCA) has more than one reason to be termed angelic. Lovely sound, too. (Monaural: LD 2346, $4.98.)
Tchaikovsky: Suite No. 3 in G. Sir Adrian Boult conducting the orchestra of the Paris Conservatory. London CS 6140, $4.98.	Well-acquainted as the average person is with the variations-finale of this work, it is worth noting that the other three movements are equally expressive of Tchaikovsky's best idiom (as of 1884). Indeed it amounts to another "ballet" score, whether that is taken to mean "Swan Lake" or the Serenade as adapted by Balanchine. Boult's work is tasteful, poised, and plentifully spirited. Both the orchestra and the reproduction are suited to the score.
Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 6 ("Pathétique"). Vladimir Golschmann conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra. Vanguard SRV 112SD, $2.98. (Monaural: SRV 112, $1.98.) Ernest Ansermet conducting the Suisse Romande Orchestra. London CS 6108, $4.98. (Monaural: LL 1633, $3.98.)	Two performances of more contrasting character could hardly be imagined, truly expressive of the varying background of the conductors in question. Ansermet strokes this score gently, with a solicitous rather than a loving hand, evoking an order of sound more appropriate to some of the lighter variations in the ballet scores rather than the sort appropriate to this truly symphonic expression. Golschmann is appreciably more fervent, though never quite profound, which strikes me as the only justification for dealing with this score. It investigates the depths of the finale, for example, without quite touching bottom. The Ansermet is well recorded, the Golschmann even better—a superior specimen of stereo, even though the players are not as good as their Swiss opposites. —Irving Kolodin.

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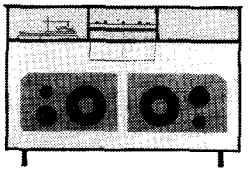

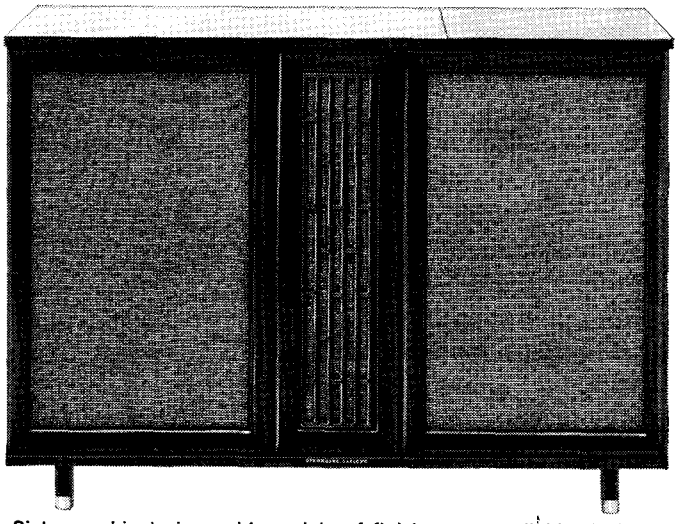

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: MISCELLANEOUS LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Quartets in D major and C minor. (Opus 18, Nos. 3 and 4). Fine Arts Quartet. Concert-Disc CS 210, $6.95.	It is a particular pleasure to hear the seldom played D major done with such care and finesse as the group led by Leonard Sorkin provides. If a reminder is needed that Beethoven's musical mentality was a probing one at all times of his life, it is here. The better known C minor is also performed with dash and spirit, if some roughness of sound. (Monaural: 1210, $5.95.)
Brahms: Four Serious Songs; Schubert: Harfen Lieder; Wolf: Michelangelo Lieder. Kim Borg, bass, with Erik Werba, piano. Deutsche Grammophon DGS 712033, $5.98.	Try as he may (and he tries notably hard) Borg lacks the depth of sound, as well as of mood, to make much of an impression on these weighty matters, let alone with them. As microphoned for Brahms's purpose, Borg sounds like a baritone verging on tenor rather than a bass verging on baritone. Overside, he has a broader, deeper timbre, but nothing more notable. Werba, as usual, is excellent. (Monaural: 12023, $4.98.)
Chopin: Waltzes. Alfred Cortot, piano. Angel COLH 32, $5.95. Moura Lympany, piano, Capitol SG 7169, $5.98. (Monaural: G 7169, $4.98.)	Doubtless there will be some who feel otherwise, but it strikes me as something of a misnomer to describe the Cortot as one of the "great recordings" of the century, for the same kind of "stop-and-go pianism, his fondness for imposing little deviations of tempi and phrasing on the music" noted years ago are, of course, still present. I find Miss Lympany a sounder interpreter altogether, with a finely personal feeling for many of the waltzes, together with a few played rather mechanically. The sound of her piano is excellent, of Cortot's better than might be expected.
Chopin: Sonata in B flat minor, Nocturnes (Opus 15, No. 2, Op. 27, No. 2), two Etudes, four Mazurkas. Adam Harasiewicz, piano. Epic LC 3633, $4.98.	This young Polish pianist (winner of the Chopin competition of 1955) plays some of the shorter pieces with taste and facility, but he lacks the interpretative range or technical distinction to make an interesting experience of the sonata. By any real standard, Harasiewicz has not enough to say to merit it being perpetuated on a "record," even less to justify the blurb describing him as "one of the world's finest Chopin performers." As a passing note: the quality of piano sound is adversely affected by the dull, aged sound of the instrument employed.
Donizetti: "Piangete voi?" ("Anna Bolena"); Thomas: "A vos yeux" ("Hamlet"); Bellini: "O! s'io potessi" ("Il Pirata"). Maria Callas, soprano. Nicola Rescigno conducting. Angel 35764, $4.98.	For those unfamiliar with the verbal designations, these may be all identified as "Mad Scenes" in which Callas's extraordinary sense of melodic *morbidezza* is blended with a kind of vocal control seldom heard from her in the theatre, and a rarity even on records. Needless to say, her "Hamlet" scene is quite different from Melba's, but rather nearer the composer's purpose. Excellent "Pirata," beautiful "Bolena." First class sound. (Stereo: S 35764, $5.98.)
Massenet: "Manon," "Hérodiade," and "Werther" excerpts. Ninon Vallin, soprano, with orchestra conducted by Gustave Cloëz. Odéon XOC 120, $4.98.	The ever-charming art of Vallin is presented here in its most appealing form, as the voice for three of Massenet's most insinuating heroines. Included are "Je suis encore," "Voyons, Manon," "Adieu, notre petite table," and the Gavotte, "Il est doux," and the "Letter Scene," "Air des Larmes," and "Ah! mon courage m'abandonne." Contrary to the bland claim of the French cover, the recording is very far from "Haute Fidelité," dating, as it does, from the modest French techniques of the Thirties.
Mozart: Quartets (complete), Vol. 1. Barchet Quartet. Vox VXB 12, $6.95.	Even the record collector who thinks he has a fair idea of Mozart's quartets will find something to interest him in these very early works, all of which precede the "famous" ten including the six dedicated to Haydn. They begin with K. 80 and continue: K. 155-160, K. 168-170. As with the early symphonies, the mixture of influences provides an absorbing study, with the Italian predominating. And with all the development that ensued (the most mature dates from his seventeenth year), there are ample evidences of procedures and devices that persisted in later evolutions. The Barchets play them all with style, with spirit, and with a very pleasant string sound. Also included is the later Adagio and Fugue in C minor (K. 546). The recording is bright, sonorous, well-placed in the acoustic frame.
Puccini: Ten Arias. Richard Tucker, tenor, with Fausto Cleva conducting. Columbia MS 6094, $5.98. (Monaural: ML 5416, $4.98.)	In this kind of tonal outpouring, Tucker is the match of any tenor in the world, and challenged by few. In his survey of the tenor territory of Puccini, Tucker ranges from "Manon Lescaut" ("Ah, Manon" and "Guardate pazzo son") to "Turandot," with stops en route for "Tosca," "Bohème," "Butterfly" ("Addio, fiorito asil"), "Fanciulla," "Gianni Schicchi" and "Turandot" ("Non piangere, Liu" as well as "Nessun dorma"). It is an impressive demonstration of Tucker's power and finesse, marred, from time to time, by a little excessive word-emphasis, for dramatic effect.
Schubert: Sonata in D. Sviatoslav Richter, piano. Monitor MC 2043, $4.98.	If Shafran comes, can Richter be far behind? The appearance lately of the excellent Soviet cellist (who was known here years ago) encourages hope that Richter may follow in the sequence he well deserves. He performs this Schubert sonata, as the one previously noted (in A minor, *SR*, Feb. 28, 1959), with deft assurance and warmly sympathetic understanding. His rhythmic poise and musical refinement are also admirably suited to the work. Reasonably good piano sound.
Schubert: "Die Allmacht," "Fischerweise"; Brahms: "Liebestreu," "Sapphische Ode," "Die Mainacht," "Der Schmied"; Wolf: "Gesang Weylas," "Auf einer Wanderung"; Strauss: "Die Nacht," "Allerseelen"; Mahler: "Ich bin der Welt," "Des Antonius von Padua," "Rheinlegendchen." Christa Ludwig, mezzo-soprano, with Gerald Moore, piano. Angel S 35592, $5.98.	Ludwig's voice is a more than promising one, and she uses it resourcefully. However she is over her twenty-three-year-old head in such songs as "Die Allmacht," "Sapphische Ode," "Der Schmied," "Gesang Weylas," and "Allerseelen." She has a keener understanding and more temperamental affinity with the Mahler songs, of which the "Rheinlegendchen" is particularly well sung. Gerald Moore's piano playing is of its customary refinement, though his attention seems to wander now and then. Excellent stereo. (Monaural: 35592, $4.98.)
Wagner: "Einsam in trüben Tagen" and "Euch Lüften" ("Lohengrin"), "Dich, teure Halle" and "Allmächt'ge Jungfrau" ("Tannhäuser"); Weber: "Wie nachte mir der Schlummer" and "Und ob die Wolke." Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano, with Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Walter Susskind. Angel 35806, $4.98.	The spirit is relevant, the musicianship outstanding, but the quality of vocal sound is pinched, constricted, unnatural, as though there were a filter between the microphone and the tape. The singer's fluency in the high range of the "Tannhäuser" climaxes stimulates some curiosity as to how they might sound in the theatre or concert hall. Altogether, an interesting mechanical experience if not a very convincing musical one. (Heinz Wallberg is the conductor for "Euch Lüften," in which Christa Ludwig participates.) (Stereo: S 35806, $5.98.) —I.K.

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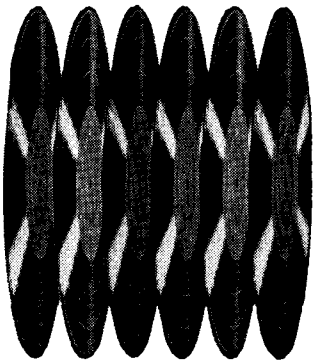

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Demonstrating What? Testing How?

By NORMAN EISENBERG

AMONG THE best-selling records is a group of releases so unclassifiable that the dependable Schwann catalog drops them into a marginal slot discreetly labelled "Spoken and Misc." The titles are then subdivided into classes of "samplers" and "test records." Even this attempt at classification fails to do justice to the indefinable "spoken and misc." among the "samplers." For there are samplers that provide musical excerpts; there are samplers that furnish less music and more sound effects; there are samplers that include printed or spoken explanations; there are samplers that even furnish moments of absolute silence. As for the "test records"—well, they simply test.

Regardless of how they are listed in the catalog or displayed by the dealer, a strong reason for their prevalence is that they can show off, or show up, a high fidelity system. The trend, begun in mono LP days, produced about ninety such records. Stereo already has added about one-half that number to the total. Many of them are issued under new labels, introduced only since SD.

If the sampler originally served as evidence of a record company's artistic intentions and acoustic abilities, it also demonstrated the superiority, not only of the LP medium, but of the new playback equipment as well. Audio sales people used them extensively; such records, with their variety and brevity, served better than a full, major work. This attraction extended also to audio equipment owners, particularly those who came to hi-fi with no strongly defined tastes in music. Characteristically, the samplers and demos offered, in the main, the tried and proven musical war horses.

The next step was to add literary explanation to the aural material and finally to manipulate the latter to make a point. This combination of techniques produced a new kind of record, suggesting almost a new communications form. One can regard it in two ways: the sound is there to illustrate the text, much like a magazine illustration; or the text may explain the sound. No one knows quite what to call these records; engineer Stewart Hegeman, who once busied himself with their production, has suggested that if the old-fashioned medley could be called "incidental music," then perhaps the collections for deliberately making a point could be called "cidental listening."

Notable examples of this form, in monophonic LP, included releases by Capitol, Vox, and Westminster, some still available. Production of the Vox album, virtually a beginner's course in audio, has been discontinued. It is to be replaced, we are told, by a forthcoming stereo version. If the coming production is to be as good as its LP predecessor, it will have to be better than a present "Stereovox Sampler" (Vox, VST 1, $2.98). This one starts with the opening bars of the last movement of the Dvorak Fifth and then unceremoniously lapses into a series of noises.

By way of happy contrast, "The Stereo Disc" provides just enough non-musical sounds to amuse and to make its points about stereo (Capitol, SWAL 9032, $5.98). Most of the music on this record is of a less tepid variety than found on other samplers; included, for example, is part of Toch's Third Symphony. The excerpt from Britten's "Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra," played first in mono and then in stereo, serves its purpose quite well. The album is supplied with a handsome, informative booklet written in part by Edward Tatnall Canby.

A more ambitious, and less ingratiating, attempt at explanation comprises the opening moments of "Stereo Sampler" (Urania, SS 58, $2.98). Skip this opening unless you want to hear what might be the sixth-grade Class Day version of "Look, We Got Stereo." Once past this nadir, the musical portions really soar; Urania seems particularly adept at recording the organ, *viz.* the excerpts from the Saint-Saëns Symphony No. 3 and the Prelude in G Minor of Bach. A subsequent Urania "Stereo Sampler" (SS 61) represents an improvement; it eliminates the opening drama and just modestly puts forth music.

Each of the records in Vanguard's series of "Stereophonic Demonstration Discs" (SRV 100 series, $2.98 each) is, simply, a complete twelve-inch stereo release with full performances of major works by leading artists. As such, they are easily the best buys in SD today. According to Vanguard's Maynard Solomon, records in this series represent the best efforts of this company and are sold at less than normal retail price to introduce them to the public. New collectors may find them a convenient way of building the "basic library"; older record fanciers may pass them by except for the chance to own a stereo version of something at very low cost.

For whatever it means, the most promising samplers and demos to date, aside from Capitol's, have come from the two majors. "Sounds In Space," an early Victor release—not sold but included with purchase of a Victor console—has its moments of sensationalism but generally puts the case for stereo intelligently and with an abundance of music. Another early, more "de luxe" album was "Listening In Depth," in which the intricacies of stereo were explained in an accompanying booklet by William S. Bachman (Columbia, SF-1, $5.98). This record still sounds fairly good, although at times it seems that the audio spectrum has been shifted upward somewhat, with the highs a bit brash and the bass not full enough. This same company's "This Is Stereorama," issued under the Epic label (BC-1, $2.98), is the better buy, with an equally rich assortment of music, plus superior acoustics and a few tests for good measure.

The few really top stereo samplers and demos just about equal the number of stereo test records. With the latter, of course, the basic question is, how useful are they? The answer will vary with the specific record and the inclination of the user. A record such as Audio Fidelity's FCS 50000 ($6.95), with its variety of tests and explanations, might appeal to the average collector. On the other hand, more austere releases like London's PS 131 ($4.98) or Victor's 12-5-71 and 12-5-73, which contain only frequency test tones, would be of prime interest to the professional. They have no explanatory matter and imply the use of test instruments to make the most sense of their signals. The London disc may be purchased at some dealers; the RCA pair is not even listed in the catalog.

In using any test record, the maker implies a certain "minimal" level of performance from the playback system, and even then, the record can only suggest the presence of trouble rather than pinpoint it. A poorly designed amplifier, for example, that cannot cleanly reproduce a forty-cycle signal, cannot enable you to evaluate the correct equalization of that forty cycles. Possibly you wouldn't even hear it clearly through your loudspeaker. In this case, you wouldn't know what specific element in the sound system was at fault.

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Some of the tests devised for the more popular test records do provide specific information. They actually make use of a deficiency to reveal it by means of comparison signals, as in the phasing test on FCS 50000, and the stylus wear test on a record issued by Components Corporation.

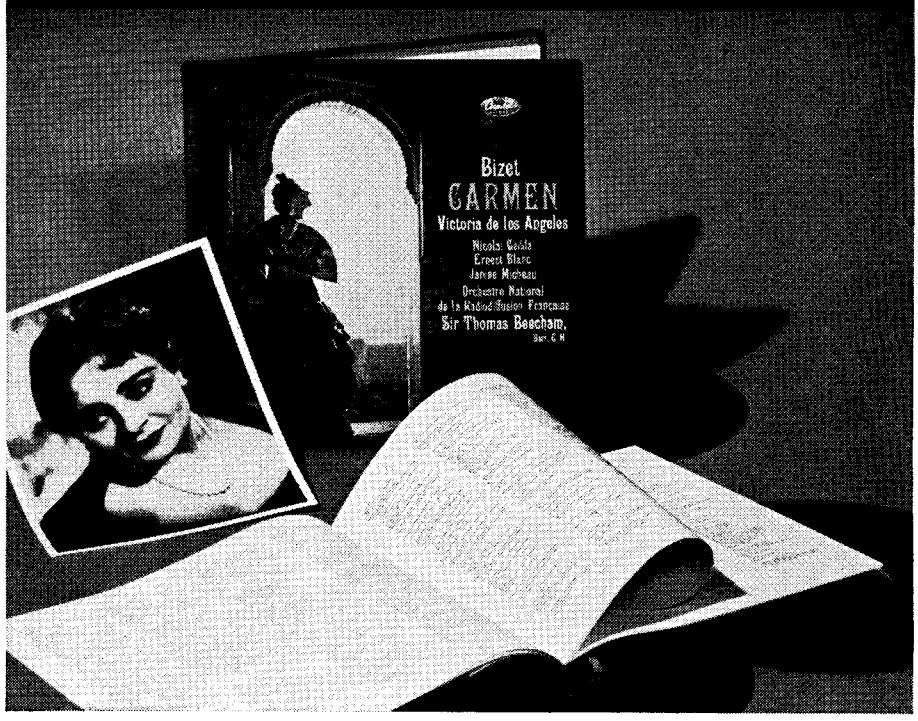
For serious evaluation of components other than the cartridge, professionals rely mostly on signal generators. With such a device, the technician gets a fresh tone each time without the slow, progressive wear that occurs on a record. What's more, such tones can be controlled precisely for frequency and volume. Response characteristics of records may vary from label to label (sometimes among different pressings of the same release). Despite these uncertainties, using a test record remains the only way to evaluate a cartridge, since this component comes to life and produces signals only when its stylus is vibrated by the wiggles in a record groove. Thus, in the spirit of "some help is better than none," professional testers do use records, even while complaining about "high frequency distortion" or "poor channel separation" or the fact that "none really goes down to twenty cycles." And because of the relative rigors of such use, a test record in the hands of a professional does not have a very long life. At Electro-Sonic Laboratories, for example, they are discarded after about twenty playings.

Outside the laboratory, a test record possibly can gladden the heart of the stereo owner by assuring him to *some* degree that his equipment is performing as it should—or, conversely, sadden him with the revelation that it is not. In this context, the Audio Fidelity release (FCS 50000) is an attractive package that also includes some classical sampler material of the war horse variety. A test record issued by *Hi Fi Review* (Ziff-Davis Stereo-Mono Test Record, $1.00) contains a number of tests similar to those on the Components Corporation release.

A good deal of the material on mono test records may also be used for stereo check-outs. Each channel can be tested alone and then together for response, distortion, and balance. However, for certain unique aspects of stereo playback, such as channel separation and vertical compliance of the cartridge, the special signals on a stereo record are needed. Again, these tests are not perfect but they can be helpful. Among mono test records, of some use in stereo tests, are several issued by Cook; the richly packaged and annotated "Check and Double-Check" (Westminster TRC, $10.00), which also is a prime example of "cidental listening";

(*Continued on page* 49)

CARMEN in STEREO



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RECORDINGS REPORTS: JAZZ

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
"Count Basie: Chairman of the Board." Roulette Birdland R52032, $3.98; also stereo, $4.98. "Blues in Hoss' Flat," "H.R. H.," "Segue in C," "Kansas City Shout," "Speaking of Sounds," "T.V. Time," "Who Me," "The Deacon," "Half Moon Street," "Mutt and Jeff."	In its best stride, the band of Count Basie is a formidable joy to hear, and there is nothing in this LP to detract from that joy. It displays cohesion, polish, and an agility rare in any large band; selections titled "Segue in C," "The Deacon," and "Half Moon Street" can be taken as examples. Arrangements for all selections were done from within the band: i.e., by musicians making up the players' lines, or in one case, by an ex-line member writing for a group he knows (Ernie Wilkins). Other arrangers: Thad Jones, trumpet; Frank Wess, tenor sax and flautist; Frank Foster, tenor saxophone. Fine solo work is performed by Jones, Joe Newman, and Snooky Young of the trumpet section; by Al Grey, Benny Powell, and Henry Coker of the trombone line. The saxophone section is a smooth-flowing marvel, recalling voicings of the Ellington band at its best (and we can think of no better), yet with a wryness all its own. Add to this the Basie rhythm section, and there it is: a fine musical organization.
"Every Day I Have the Blues." Joe Williams with Count Basie and His Orchestra. Roulette Birdland R52033, $3.98; also stereo, $4.98. "Every Day I Have the Blues," "Baby Won't You Please Come Home," "Going to Chicago," "Gee Baby," "Joe Sings the Blues," "Shake, Rattle and Roll," others.	Joe Williams, vocalist with Count Basie, speaks and sings and shouts in clear, hard tones that underline his authority as interpreter of blues and popular songs. The backing from the band is no less eloquent—rich and lilting, smeary or insistent as the occasion requires. Williams's repertoire ranges from the classic popular song like "Baby Won't You Please Come Home," delivered with warmth and style, to a sort of song-story built from blues lyrics which he delivers with enormous punch, as for "Joe Sings the Blues."
"Warren Barker Is In." Barker and studio band. Warner Brothers Stereo 1331, $4.98. "Flute Route," "Cappuccino," "Harlem Nocturne," "Cafe Espresso," "Black Coffee," "Love Me or Leave Me," "Midnight Sun," others.	A number of meant-to-be exotic rhythms back a series of listless-sounding solos from flute, guitar, trumpets, vibraphone. The point seems to be to veer away from making a positive or extended musical statement, and to provide a succession of moody tonalities that will be certain not to interfere with any conversations carried forward in coffee houses where the record is certain to be played. The big band is under wraps all the way.
"James Moody." Argo LP 648, $3.98. "Darben the Redd Foxx," "Little Girl Blue," "Out of Nowhere," "Daahoud," "Yesterdays," "Cookie," "With Malice Toward None," "R.B.Q."	There is great charm to James Moody's flute playing—try the lovely, slow solo that makes an entry at the third band of the second side, titled "With Malice Toward None." Other members of the band are: John Coles, trumpet; Tom McIntosh, trombone; Musa Kalliem, baritone saxophone; Gene Kee, piano; John Lathen, string bass; and an unidentified drummer who might be Max Roach. In spite of the way every one plays throughout—as if he might lose caste if he were to hit a warm, easy note—genuine musical abilities shine through on more than one occasion. These are easily apparent in the relaxed "R.B.Q."
"Gee, Baby, Ain't I Good to You?" Songs by Donna Hightower. Capitol Stereo ST 1273, $4.98. "Every Day I Have the Blues," "Gee, Baby," "All or Nothing at All," "I Laughed to Keep from Crying," "Lonesome and Sorry," "The First to Know," "The Blues Don't Care," "Can't Help It," others.	Donna Hightower, accompanied by a good studio orchestra led by Sid Feller, brings to her songs a pouty, schoolgirlish voice that unearths no memorable discoveries of melody or meaning. Many of her lines are thrown away, as if it were all she could do just to get past the memorized material. Her tricks are voice-catches and occasional drags of tempo. She "crigh-highs" ("I Laughed to Keep from Crying") or has the "blew-hoose" ("Born to Be Blue") when the script calls for it. Her slow-tempo songs are lumpy and uneven; she is at her best with medium numbers like "Lonesome and Sorry" and "I'll Be Around."
"Taylor Made Jazz." Billy Taylor and Band. Argo LP 650, $3.98. "Biddy's Beat," "Theodora," "Mood for Mendes," "Daddy-O," "Cu-Blu," "Day Dreaming," "Can You Tell by Looking at Me," "Tune for Tex."	Eight compositions for small jazz band by Billy Taylor are presented on an LP distinguished by the presence of a number of Ellington sidemen—Harry Carney, Willie Cook, Paul Gonsalves, Clark Terry, and Johnny Hodges. Taylor plays piano, and the rhythm men are Ed Thigpen, drums, and Earl May, string bass. The order of things for each side is the same: medium-to-fast selections ("Biddy's Beat," "Daddy-O") at beginning and end, with two slow ones ("Theodora," "Mood for Mendes") in between. There is fine solo work throughout, and Taylor's piano playing is right for his selection of instrumentalists—entirely versatile, characterized by exquisite touch, yet with a hard core of firmness when that is needed. The tunes come through after careful listening.
"Herb Ellis Meets Jimmy Giuffre." Verve MG V-3811, $4.98. "Goose Grease," "When Your Lover Has Gone," "Remember," "Patricia," "A Country Boy," "You Know," "My Old Flame," "People Will Say We're in Love."	The tunes were not all written specifically for this band, as with the Taylor LP above, but all were arranged either by Ellis or Giuffre. The approach to playing is that of a group of experimenters. Voicings for a saxophone section composed of Bud Shank, Art Pepper, Richie Kamuca, and Giuffre are light and supple. Occasionally, as in "Remember" (by Giuffre, not Berlin), they achieve a reed-tone organ quality that is unusual, well brought off, and interesting as experiment. The rest of the interest centers about the combination of two guitars: Herb Ellis takes solos and plays melody, while John Hall stays with the rhythm. In these hands, it turns out to be a good combination. The over-all effect is of quiet, cerebral music quite skilfully performed.
"Turk Murphy: Music for Wise Guys and Boosters, Card Sharps & Crap Shooters." Roulette Birdland R25088, $3.98; also stereo, $4.98. "Ace in the Hole," "See Your Mama," "You're a Wise Guy," "Red Eye," "Torch that Didn't Go Out," "Old Green River," others.	The Turk Murphy Orchestra, which at times has done well with many tunes reconstituted from the Dixieland-New Orleans repertoire, presents a number of sentimental songs that may be certain to evoke nostalgia in some quarters. That is unless one has a certain nostalgia-fatigue brought on by numberless other celebrations on LP of the gassy gaslit era. The vocals, by Murphy and Pat Yankee, strive to elicit the usual period feeling, but even when they do they can be done without. The band is heard very little.
"Ev'ry Hour, Ev'ry Day of My Life." Songs by Valerie Carr. Roulette R25094, $3.98; also stereo, $4.98. "Always," "I'll Always Be in Love with You," "I'll Be Around," "My Heart Belongs to Only You," "While We're Young," "Ev'ry Hour," "Why Was I Born?" "Always in My Heart," others.	Valerie Carr has a potent voice in the contralto range that reveals itself on this LP as capable of handling popular material. She can at times be quite moving; but one suspects that the coaching this young singer has received may have pushed her into attempting a dramatic style a bit beyond her age. Her sobbing delivery of "Why Was I Born?" is on the heavy side; in a lighter mood, as in "I'll Always Be in Love with You," she displays strength and control that are impressive. On the basis of evidence heard here, an early career of church singing probably contributed greatly to development of a voice that deserves to be better handled.
"The Real Boogie Woogie: Memphis Slim, Piano Solos." Folkways FA 3524, $5.95. "Walkin' the Boogie," "Cow Cow Blues," "Jefferson County Blues," "Four O'Clock Blues," "Mister Freddie," "Trouble in Mind," "44 Blues," "88 Boogie," "Sail on Blues," others.	Memphis Slim, who appeared out of the fog enshrouding the stage at the Newport Folk Festival like the ghost of his predecessors Albert Ammons and Meade Lux Lewis to render rolling boogie woogie rhythms as they hadn't been heard for a long time, has here gathered together a good representation of his repertoire. Fourteen selections of boogie woogie on any record are an awful lot; the pattern is varied by an occasional blues. Among them, the traditional "44 Blues" is one of the finest. It's a good, new recording of boogie woogie at a time when the genuine article has become something of a rarity. —Frederic Ramsey, Jr.

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a two-volume contribution by Urania under labels UPS-1 and UPS-2; the "Sounds of Frequency" (Folkways, 6100, $5.95); and the mono predecessors of the London and Victor stereo test records mentioned before.

Despite the fact that many on the inside look balefully at test records, we can expect more of them to be issued. Our own view is that their producers likely are doing their best with a tough medium, even while not overlooking the sales appeal of such records to the show-off or mad-scientist impulse that lurks in the hearts of (some? all?) audio-minded men.

Music

Continued from page 30

wasn't so good on the flat. Mitropoulos began with his admired presentation of the long slow movements that represent Mahler's "Tenth" Symphony, and concluded with Liszt's E flat Concerto and "Mephisto" Waltz, in which David Bar-Illan was the accomplished pianist.

The last of the soloists to be introduced during the visit of the Moscow State Symphony is Valerii Klimov, who made his debut in Carnegie Hall doing what comes naturally to Russian violinists—the Tchaikovsky concerto. Klimov disposed not merely a well-schooled command of the instrument but also a lively sense of lyric delivery and a particular silky, if not unduly sizable, sound. Youthful, tall, blond, Klimov played a mature, compact, brunette Tchaikovsky.

Also included in a busy budget of music making during the week was the concluding session of Berlioz's "Les Troyens" in Carnegie Hall. Though he had recovered sufficiently to conduct both parts in a Washington visit a few days previously, Sir Thomas Beecham was once more ailing and unable to participate when it came time for "Les Troyens à Carthage" in New York: he was once more replaced by Robert Lawrence. A double disaster descended when Martial Singher was compelled to give up the role of Narbal, Kenneth Smith taking on the duet with Anna, and Chester Watson spelling him in some of the ensembles.

Thus, what would have been a hazardous venture in the best of circumstances, due to improvised forces and restricted rehearsal time, became in these an all but impossible one. Lawrence showed his nerve, as the singers (Reginas Resnik and Safarty, Richard Cassilly, and the other men mentioned) showed their resolution in getting through as they did, but it was a shabby introduction for so venturesome a work as this. —Irving Kolodin.

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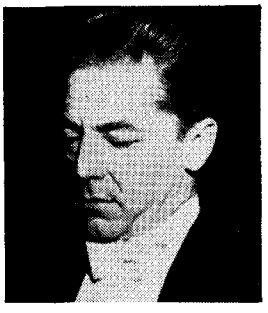

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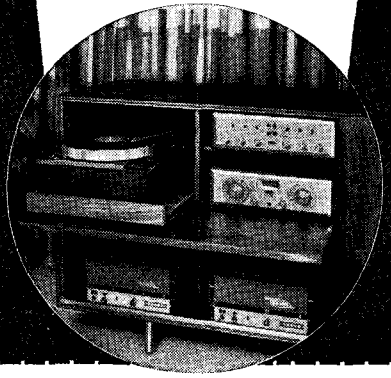

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UNITED STEREO TAPES

The Amen Corner

Salute to the Siblings

LIKE MANY others, I have frequently suffered from another person's early efforts to learn to play a musical instrument. And yet, in this regard, I think I can claim to be more fortunate than most. As an only child, I never had to endure a brother's or sister's mismanagement of the piano. My father's latter-day exercises on the guitar were discreet, and usually confined to his bedroom. My daughter is so shy about her viola and piano practice that it sometimes seems as if we were paying her tuition in vain; my son's hearty butchery of the cornet is taking place not at home, but in eastern Massachusetts. During the past ten years my wife has become an accomplished tuba player, but this has taken place largely during hours while I was away at work, with an effect which may have seemed peculiar to some of our neighbors, but which was scarcely calculated to disturb my ears. Also, when she first essayed to play with bands, she sat, naturally enough, in the back row, her pitch and volume were low, her rhythm was simple and satisfying, and, all in all, she emerged from the larval stage with a minimum of agony for the bystanders.

It is always a question, of course, which instrument starts worst. I believe it is the most common opinion that the purest pain is to be obtained from a young person's endeavor to crank up the violin. Unquestionably that can be bad—although there is also something to be said for an exhibition of loathsome trap drumming or really ripe misconduct on the saxophone.

I prefer not to dwell on such bilious thoughts, however, but to consider homes where there was an unusual richness of talent and where, musically speaking at any rate, it must have been great fun to grow up with the beginners. Consider, for instance, the Dodds household, in which Johnny was on his way to becoming one of the greatest of New Orleans-style clarinetists and had his deft and subtle brother, Baby, on the drums. Over at the Teagardens' in Oklahoma a single roof-tree sheltered one of the finest brass teams in the history of jazz: Jack, trombone, and Charlie, trumpet. Up in Pennsylvania the bandmaster Dorsey must have taken much satisfaction in the progress of his sons Tommy, trombone, and Jimmy, clarinet and alto saxophone. To think of all these families is to be imbued with a kind of resonant warmth. The family band or musical cluster has been a heartening feature

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of American life, often overlooked because so many homes are utterly dependent on electronic devices. But let us not forget the Powells', where two boys, Bud and Richie, were jazz piano masters, and I am particularly fond of imagining the Joneses', where young Thaddeus perfected his supple and brilliant command of the trumpet while brother Hank provided a delicate piano accompaniment and brother Elvin gradually—and it could not have been too gradually—became one of the most magical and imaginative of jazz drummers. I use the word magical here advisedly (some people in this allegedly rational age seem to think it is too vague or romantic a term). The final effects of an Elvin Jones with a set of drums are literally magical (secret, occult); they are not, strictly speaking, learned and cannot be taught; they are projected out of the mysteries of the rhythmic instinct and capacities.

Two of the finest family musical associations in jazz are represented among the sparsity of new records which has followed the annual holiday outpouring. For traditional tastes there is "That's a Plenty" with Wilbur de Paris, trombone, and his brother Sidney, cornet; also Doc Cheatham, trumpet; Omer Simeon, clarinet; Sonny White, piano; John Smith, guitar; Hayes Alvis, bass; and Wilbert Kirk, drums. The de Paris brothers scarcely need introduction at this late date. For a dozen years now they have fronted the stablest Dixieland combination in the land. Fastidious or pretentious addicts of the newer jazz schools often take a patronizing attitude toward them, but not this department. I have sometimes found the de Paris rhythm section inclined to stodginess, but through the years the band has made a great deal of spirited music in the lyrical New Orleans vein. These men are not reconstructors; they are genuine preservers, and I am glad the ark is in their hands. In addition to the title tune, the numbers include "Mack the Knife," "Hesitatin' Blues," and other standards (Atlantic 1318).

In the modern trend, but with any amount of traditional steam and flair, is the Cannonball Adderley Quintet, with the opulent Cannonball on the alto saxophone, his brother Nat on the cornet; Bobby Timmons, piano; Sam Jones, bass; and Louis Hayes, drums. In public performance at San Francisco's Jazz Workshop, the band offers five originals, of which my own favorite is the detonating "Hi-Fly," by the pianist Randy Weston. Life in the Adderley family must have been a rousing business while the boys were growing up; it still is (Riverside RLP 12-311). —Wilder Hobson.

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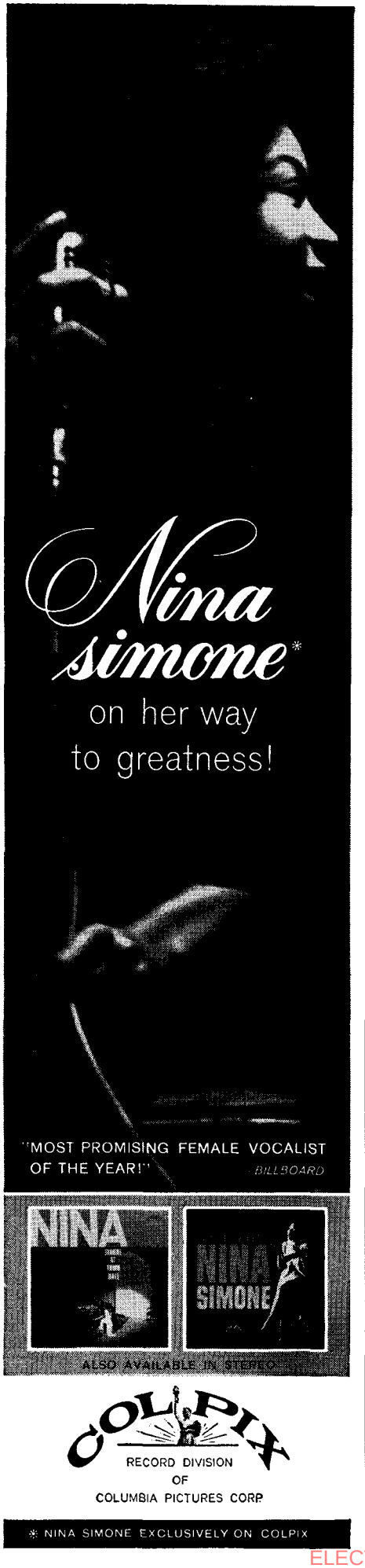

THE OTHER SIDE

Two Channels, Several Prices

LONDON.

NOTWITHSTANDING that the record industry enjoyed its fair share of the biggest Christmas spending spree Britain has known, it would certainly be untrue to say that the prevailing mood is one of optimism. There can be little doubt that the public is responding eagerly to the fast-growing crop of mono-LP bargain issues, whereas the industry would like to see above all a quickening interest in stereo. It will happen in time, of that I am certain, but whether the strain of cutthroat competition in the interim may not claim some notable casualties is a disturbing question. When giants such as EMI and Decca are plainly seen to be cutting down on advertising expenditures, when hitherto successful equipment specialists either disappear overnight or begin to sell television sets, it is only too plain that the record industry is going through a period of crisis.

Let us not blame the consumer for preferring the prospect of "two discs for the price of one" to that of "two loudspeaker systems for the price of two." However sensibly the manufacturers acted when they agreed in 1958 that stereo discs should cost no more than the equivalent mono issues, things have not worked out as intended in face of the inexorable laws of supply and demand. The public, of course, is quite unconcerned as it scans with delight the fast-growing selection of bargain-basement treasures.

Stereo discs, too, are being caught up in the price-cutting spiral, though the real need here, I am convinced, is for inexpensive reproducing equipment (notably pick-ups) of far better quality than has hitherto been available, not to mention a modicum of understanding on the part of retailers as to what stereo is about. . . . But there it is: RCA's Camden label, whose original purpose in life was, like Decca's Ace of Clubs, that of an outlet for older recordings (remember how Camden used to disguise famous orchestras by giving them fictitious names?), now offers classical stereo recordings by the Oslo Philharmonic at a guinea! Only a pair of discs this time, Tchaikovsky's No. 5 and the two "Peer Gynt" Suites, with more to come, no doubt. Meanwhile another Decca group label, Telefunken, adds two more bargain stereo issues to its own list, with workmanlike performances by Franz André and the Belgian Radio Orchestra of suites from Delibes's "Coppélia" and "Sylvia" as well as Ludwig Hoelscher's far from negligible account (with Keilberth and the Hamburg Philharmonic) of the Dvorak Cello Concerto.

From the group's senior labels we have, on Decca, a new "Tosca" with Tebaldi, Del Monaco, and George London, conducted by Molinari-Pradelli; a new Clifford Curzon performance of the Grieg Concerto, generously coupled with Franck's Symphonic Variations and the popular Litolff Scherzo; and a quartet of the most famous Suppé overtures in rousing performances by the Vienna Philharmonic under Solti. "Tosca," though highly stereogenic, is a shade disappointing after Decca's recent operatic triumphs, but it is hardly fair to expect miracles every time.

THE RCA batch includes another Prokofieff disc—Symphony No. 7 and the attractive Russian Overture, Opus 72—from Martinon and the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra, and an unconvincing Boston/Munch performance of Brahms's Fourth Symphony. My heart sank when I saw the cover of the latest Chicago/Reiner miscellany ("1812," "Fingal's Cave," "Mephisto" Waltz, and Brahms Tragic Overture), for here, silhouetted against a garish red glow, was yet one more antique field gun. After escorting the dog out of the room and hanging a "Danger—Keep Out!" notice on the door, I glumly settled down to face another ghastly, synthetic artillery barrage, but—praise be!—Reiner would have none of it. Using no weapon heavier in caliber than a bass drum (or so it appears), he manages to produce genuine musical excitement and brings some semblance of clarity to even the final pages of this noisy score!

Reverting to mono, it has been amusing to observe Philips's reaction of consternation mixed with pleasure when, having been prevailed upon at long last to publish a sizable list of their European and American (Columbia) recordings in the form of a "special order" release, it was found that a Juilliard Quartet disc of chamber music by Schoenberg, Berg, and Webern occupied a high ranking among the month's best sellers!

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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Huneker's Hundredth

Huneker

AS HAS already become evident, 1960 is a year uncommonly abundant in occasions for musical celebration: the hundredth year of the birth of Hugo Wolf as well as Gustav Mahler (they once shared a room as students in Vienna), the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the births of Frederic Chopin (in February) and Robert Schumann (June).

Perhaps there is something in astrology after all, for just fifty years after the birth of Chopin, 1860 saw the birth of two men who were vitally attracted to his personality and art: Ignace Jan Paderewski was born in November, and the American critic James Huneker (who wrote one of the enduring commentaries on Chopin and his music) was born in Philadelphia on January 31, 1860.

Musical people are not alone, of course, in the debt which the world owes to Huneker. After the publication of his pioneering Chopin volume in 1900, Huneker served as art critic for twelve years (on the New York *Sun*) and through innumerable magazine articles alerted Americans to such authors as Huysmans, Pirandello, Hauptmann, Sudermann, and Schnitzler at a time when they were barely known at home. He later returned to musical criticism and was delighting readers of the New York *World* at the time of his sudden death in February, 1921.

Though his work is not as well known to contemporary readers as it might be, Huneker's influence is still felt through the critics who read him as they grew up. In a time of such able American music critics as Henry Finck, H. E. Krehbiel, W. J. Henderson, Lawrence Gilman, Pitts Sanborn, and Richard Aldrich, Huneker was their universal choice as elder statesman not only for erudition and wit, but also for the racing fluency of his writing.

Critics, traditionally, are destined to be remembered when they are wrong, forgotten when they are right. Huneker escapes this formulation by transcending both right and wrong: to paraphrase Hilaire Belloc it may be said that if his prose was sometimes scarlet, his books were read. Those who don't possess "Old Fogey," in addition to the Chopin and Liszt studies, are denying themselves writing on music which is as durable as it is unique. —I. K.

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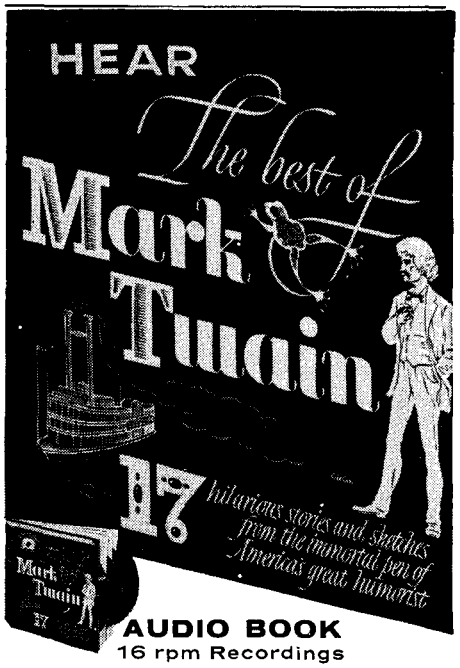
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By DAVID HEBB

IT is not likely that anyone will disagree with the two approaches to the Handel Organ Concertos by E. Power Biggs and Karl Richter. Here is a Handel of great variety of mood, from witty to gay to tender to majestic, in sixteen short works that have almost no counterpart in the entire musical literature. The Church Sonatas of Mozart, while written for organ and orchestra, were functional music with an ecclesiastical purpose; the Handel Concertos are for pure enjoyment.

Handel was a ready borrower, both with his own and with other people's music. This was, we are told, a fairly common custom at the time, but in Handel's case the borrowings are sometimes a little more obvious than with other composers. One wonders which came first, the Halle or the "Hallelujah," on hearing those familiar four notes as the opening of the B flat major Concerto, Opus 7, No. 3. Or the march from "Judas Maccabeus" as the finale of Concerto No. 16.

Columbia's current release, with E. Power Biggs (M2L 267, $9.98 or M2S 611, $11.98), is the third album of this Handel series and includes the four "miscellaneous" Concertos, Nos. 13 through 16, with no opus number. Like the others, it was recorded on a small organ of 1749 which was designed by Handel. The orchestra is made up of members of the London Philharmonic, under Sir Adrian Boult. Mr. Biggs obviously had a wonderful time playing this music, and we share his enjoyment.

Karl Richter is the soloist on the London release of twelve of the Handel Concertos, Opus 4 and Opus 7. These were recorded in St. Mark's Church, Munich, with Herr Richter conducting the chamber orchestra (CSA 2302, $14.94). While the actual selections are different from those in the Biggs album (Columbia had released the first twelve in two previous albums), there is enough similarity of style to provide a fair comparison. The acoustics of St. Mark's Church are detectably different from those of the hall which houses the English organ. And of course the two instruments differ in their sound—just as an organ from Spain would sound different from either. Both Biggs and Richter are extremely accomplished performers, and both are successful in proving what surely would have been Handel's point today—that organ music can provide "entertainment" without being in a skating rink.

Another of the better-known virtuosos of the time, the organist of the huge—there is no other word—Riverside Church in New York City, Virgil Fox, appears in a Capitol album (8499, $5.98, stereo $6.98) called "The Virtuoso Organ." The Riverside Church has been employed as a vast football field of stereophonic sound, with great wads of tone coming from left and right and above and behind. This is the sort of thing that may, heaven forbid, become popular, but I cannot help feeling that much of it is in unnecessarily poor taste, bordering on vulgarity. There are some 10,000 pipes in the Riverside Organ, and the listener is made well aware of every one of them. Mr. Fox plays a sampler of organ music, from Bach and Daquin through Franck to Vaughan Williams. The delightful little Daquin "Noël" was rushed, the tempi uneven, the heavy blast of reeds at the end uncalled for. The Allegro from Vierne's Second Symphony was also hurried. The Vaughan Williams is the adaptation of "Old Hundredth," written for the coronation of the present Queen Elizabeth in 1953. This performance was marked by a stringy, fuzzy vibrato in the fourth verse, and uneven tempo in the last. An interesting comparison is the chorus-and-organ version on "King of Instruments," Volume X, by Roy Perry and the choir of the First Presbyterian Church of Kilgore, Texas. Your witness.

A breath of fresh air comes over from Sweden with the first release of what promises to be a series of records of Buxtehude's organ music. Westminster has signed Alf Linder, organist of Stockholm's largest church, and provided an initial offering of two Chaconnes, E minor and C minor, the D minor Passacaglia, and three Choral Fantasias (WST 14086, $5.98). It was Dietrich Buxtehude, of course, whom Bach went semi-AWOL to hear play. The story is so well known and so often repeated that we run some risk of thinking of this as Buxtehude's only claim to fame. But the spontaneous combustion in his music, the severe technical demands in rapid pedal passages—a Buxtehude trademark, by the way—lend him a special *cachet*.

Linder plays with a confidence bred of long, sound training. The organ,

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at Skänninge, Sweden, is typically North-country in its tonal characteristics without being unpleasantly aseptic; clean and crisp is a way to describe it. This is first-class listening.

E. Power Biggs's recording of the Mendelssohn Organ Sonatas No. 1 and No. 6, made in St. Paul's Cathedral, London (Columbia MS 6087, $5.98), is a little too big and too muddy. A few years ago Mr. Biggs recorded the sixth on ML 2076, and it had, for our ears, considerably greater impact. Stereo may sell records, but it doesn't make the music one bit better. It is difficult to imagine anyone with a home large enough to reproduce the sound inside St. Paul's Cathedral, and there doesn't seem to be much point in trying.

"J. B." Revisited

Continued from page 39

enough and guilt enough to answer all his great howling questions.

I am left to suspect a lack in him that tends to shallow his final reconciliation into something dangerously close to sentimentality. And I am troubled by it again because the enormous question J.B. dramatizes would be more deeply explored and more firmly resolved if embodied in a character who could win from his sufferings a more convincing self-realization. J.B. is not only J.B.; he is man. And certainly MacLeish believes that man is not entirely expressed until he has conquered his own fatuousness.

A second question that has troubled my mind during these past two years, and that arises afresh from this rehearing, concerns MacLeish's conception of J.B.'s God. Just as I am convinced that I should take Him as the blank stone face of the naturalistic universe, I find him speaking Old Testament, and somehow I have trouble taking that as the idiom of star-blinded nothingness. I am sure MacLeish's intent is coherent on this point, but I would welcome a clearer score.

On one point I remain as firmly convinced now as I was at first reading. MacLeish has gone further than any man of our times toward forging a true poetic line that works effectively on the stage. Perhaps there will be no twentieth-century poetic drama of real consequence, but MacLeish has cleared the way for such a drama, and if it comes, I believe it will recognize its debt to him.

Meanwhile, for about the same price as two tickets to the play, anyone may now take the play home and check his own second thoughts. Certainly everyone with a library of poetry recordings will want to have this album.

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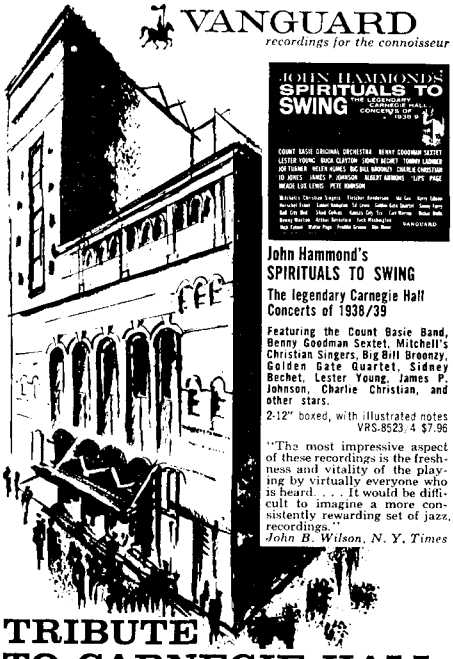

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Schoenberg

Continued from page 37

harm Strauss "morally." "Artistically he does not interest me any longer. What he once taught me, I have, thank God, misunderstood." (Strauss had held Schoenberg in high esteem before the latter had embarked upon his method of serial principles; he was instrumental in Schoenberg's obtaining a teacher's position in Berlin, and again, after Mahler's death, Strauss had helped him in many ways.) In later years Schoenberg changed his attitude, for he repeatedly stressed the struggles Mahler, Bruckner, and Strauss had to go through.

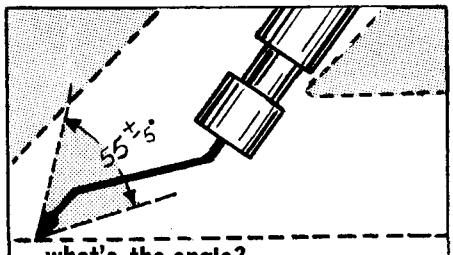
Two letters Schoenberg addressed to his painter-friend Kandinsky (in 1923, when Kandinsky sought to win him for the Bauhaus circle) reveal his farsightedness with respect to the ominous political events in Germany. Everything (and far more) that was anticipated by Schoenberg on account of the light-tinseled anti-Semitism displayed by certain Bauhaus members—the danger to personal and artistic freedom, the sinister influence of Hitler, the persecution of Jews and anti-totalitarians—happened in due time.

> If not toward violence—where should anti-Semitism lead to? Is it really so difficult to picture the outcome? Perhaps it will be sufficient to take all personal rights away from Jews; in this case, Einstein, Mahler, and myself will simply cease to exist. But one thing seems to be certain: it will be impossible to vanquish the tougher elements by whose resistance the Jewish people had fought and withstood all enemies for twenty centuries. This segment of the Jewish people it will be quite impossible to "eradicate," and I can tell you why: they are so organized as to fulfill their God-given mission, i.e., to survive in exile, unbroken and undaunted, until the hour of redemption will come. Anti-Semitic people are just as revolutionary as Communists—they have no clearer vision and just the same narrowminded sense. But after having written at such great length, I have completely forgotten that the object in question is not justice or injustice, truth or falsehood, openmindedness or blindness—but simply power politics: and discussing this topic, everyone seems to be blinded, blinded in his hatred—as well as in his love. Don't try to answer me in the same polemical vein! Don't repeat the error I make. Trying to save you from it, I tell you: I will not understand you and I cannot understand you. . . .

Schoenberg and Kandinsky became friends again later on, and the composer's wish that "any reunion between us should not take place before we see eye to eye again" seems to have been fulfilled.

In the same year Schoenberg volunteered on behalf of Hauer when he advised the Friends Relief Mission, caring for needy intellectuals, to assist Hauer financially. He also wrote a series of letters to influential patrons of art in Holland and Switzerland to help Anton Webern, who could barely make ends meet for himself and his small family during the long summer months. It is interesting to note that Schoenberg's efforts on behalf of others were usually successful. When compelled to apply for help for himself, however—as he did from Barcelona (May, 1932) in a heart-rending letter to a New York friend in a plea to grant him a small monthly sum so that he might be able to continue composing while living in exile in Paris; and again, when applying for a stipend from the Guggenheim Foundation, since he received but a negligible amount after he was pensioned off from his California teaching position—he was refused.

Among the letters written in 1923 are two highly interesting ones addressed to Hauer. Schoenberg had invited the man who "composed with twelve tones" to have a cordial talk with him. He proposed to issue a joint statement since their new and radical methods were based on the tone-row. Besides, Schoenberg was willing to have a "friendly discussion" about their technical differences and he was eager to see such exchange of opinions published in a music magazine. Nothing in these letters explains why Hauer, seemingly more embittered as time went on,



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considered Schoenberg to be his arch-enemy. As to twelve-tone music itself, Schoenberg, in a letter written to Rudolf Kolisch (in 1925), states his position:

> I cannot repeat it often enough: my works are twelve-tone *compositions* and not *twelve-tone* compositions. I am getting mixed up again with Hauer, who seems to put the *composition* in second place only.

And again, nine years later, to Roger Sessions, to whom he sent two manuscripts as gifts:

> My music must be listened to in the very same way as is any other music—forget the theories, the twelve-tone method, the dissonances, etc., and may I add: if possible, try to forget the composer too. I once said in a lecture: 'A Chinese poet talks Chinese, but what does he *say*?' To this I add: it is my own private business to write in this or that style, to use one or another method—this should not be of interest to the listener. But I do want my mission to be understood and accepted.

His years in exile were beset with personal and world problems. Sickness and poverty marred his last years. Besides, weak as he was, he was badly shocked by the death of two of his closest friends (Berg and Webern). The unsettled political situation suggested to him the ever-recurring idea of re-emigrating to New Zealand with his family (from his boyhood days on he remembered the fine postage stamps issued there). But, on the other hand, he was universally recognized as a teacher (a profession, he stated, he was born for), especially by the great honor bestowed upon him in 1947 by the National Institute of Arts and Letters ("I never gave up," he said in his recorded address). He was also richly rewarded by his family.

In the mild atmosphere of his waning days, he became reconciled with his fate. With a touching warm gratitude he accepted the honors awarded him by his native city. He wanted to pay a visit to Vienna, but never regained enough physical strength to do so. Many unfinished compositions and theoretical papers, which he intended to complete during the quiet months of his retirement, remained fragments. He wrote letters to friends as long as his tired fingers were able to hammer his typewriter's keys. But even his latest communications reveal a man of rare genius and great vitality, a man unbroken in spirit, never stooping to compromises, a strong character who during all his life, although beset by many vicissitudes, remained unswervingly faithful to himself and to all those who, in accordance with his rigorous demands, truly served art.

LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

CONCERNING SUTHERLAND

It was indeed heart-warming to read your affirmative review of Joan Sutherland's recorded recitals [*SR*, December 26], especially for one whose introduction to opera in Europe was a performance of "Lucia di Lammermoor" starring this soprano at Covent Garden in London last summer.

There is, however, a slight misjudgment in this review as to the *kind* of voice and artistry Miss Sutherland possesses. Comparisons to Galli-Curci and Pons are indeed flattering, of course, and well-deserved in this particular instance; but only in basic timbre and mastery of ornamentation is Miss Sutherland in any way similar to these artists.

Alan Willig.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Editor's note: *The reference was specifically to the sound of Miss Sutherland's voice on this recording. Mention was also made of the dramatic power she displayed as Donna Anna (in "Don Giovanni") two years ago.*

NILSSON, ET AL

I was delighted to see recognition come to Birgit Nilsson, a very lovely person both vocally and personally. But why did press acknowledgment have to wait for a Metropolitan Opera debut?

Nilsson, Anna Moffo, Giulietta Simionato—this year's great successes at the Met—all scored here, in Chicago, previously, and without national coverage. Their current New York acceptance is a delicious multiple sample of Chicago's good taste.

It is time for a revaluation of what so-called "national" magazines should report. Culture exists west of the Hudson.

Peter P. Jacobi.

Evanston, Ill.

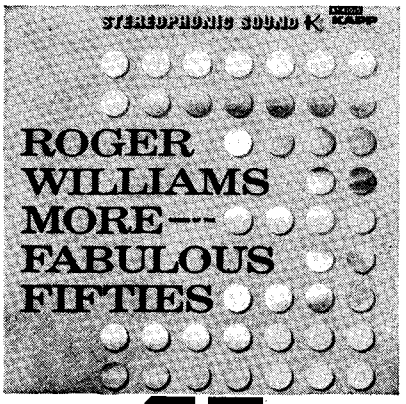
Editor's note: *SR reported on Miss Nilsson at Glyndebourne in 1951, in Vienna in 1959; on Simionato in Chicago in 1954. Moffo was muffed.*

STRAVINSKY'S "SACRE"

On reading the Stravinsky article in the December 26 issue, I recalled that Madame Monteux (the 1914 incumbent) once told me that she was seated in her box on the occasion of the first performance of the "Sacre" (I would assume from Stravinsky's account that it was the concert and not the ballet) when the manager of the hall came to her in some sort of a dither and said, "Le vieux est en bas," meaning Saint-Saëns.

Evidently there wasn't a seat in the hall and she said she could not recall just how it was done or who was displaced but room was found for "le vieux" in the loge assigned the conductor's wife.

Once the performance got started, she



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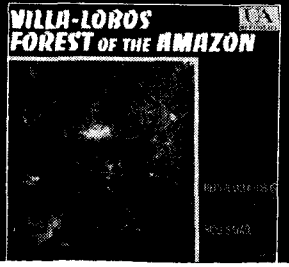

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said, he kept turning to her and repeatedly asking, "Vous aimez ça? Vous aimez ça?"

JAY C. ROSENFELD.

Pittsfield, Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *See below.*

INDELIBLE MEMORY

I WRITE TO YOU regarding an article, "Apropos 'Le Sacre du Printemps,'" by Igor Stravinsky in the December 26 issue.

In the aforementioned article Stravinsky writes, "I have conducted 'Le Sacre' only once in the United States, however, and that was twenty years ago, in April, 1940."

This statement gave me quite a surprise since I recall vividly his conducting "Sacre" with the Cincinnati Symphony. The program was an all-Stravinsky one—Suite from "Jeu de Cartes," Symphony in C, and "Le Sacre." It was in November of the year Roosevelt decreed a "second" Thanksgiving Day—1940 I believe.

It was during Eugene Goossens' tenure and he had rehearsed the orchestra with real dedication the week before Stravinsky arrived. Since this exciting performance is one of those indelible memories of student days I feel compelled to mention this inconsistency in the narrative. Maybe even a great composer can have a fallible memory.

ROLAND JOHNSON.

Raleigh, N.C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Or, perhaps, selective recollection. (See below.)*

"FANTASY" AND "FANTASIA"

YOU AND YOUR READERS may be interested in the following, which appeared in the *Los Angeles Times* on January 1, 1960, in the film column conducted by Philip K. Scheuer:

"Igor Stravinsky, writing of his 'Le Sacre du Printemps' in the Dec. 26 *Saturday Review*, had this to say about the appearance of that music in 'Fantasia':

" 'In 1937 or 1938 I received a request from the Disney office in America for permission to use "Le Sacre" in a cartoon film. The request was accompanied by a gentle warning that if permission were withheld the music would be used anyway ("Le Sacre," being "Russian," was not copyrighted in the United States), but as the owners of the film wished to show it abroad (i.e., in Bern Copyright countries), they offered me $5,000, a sum I was obliged to accept (though, in fact, the "percentages" of a dozen crapulous intermediaries reduced it to $1,200).'

" 'I saw the film with George Balanchine in a Hollywood studio at Christmas time, 1939. I remember someone offering me a score, and when I said I had my own, the someone saying, "But it is all changed." It was indeed. The order of the pieces had been shuffled and the most difficult of them eliminated—though this didn't help the musical performance, which was execrable. I will say nothing about the visual complement (for I do not wish to criticize an unresisting imbecility), but the musical point of view of the film involved a dangerous misunderstanding.'

"When I quoted the article to Walt Disney (he had not then read it) he expressed surprise. When Stravinsky came to the studio, Walt recalled, he was invited to conferences with conductor Leopold Stokowski and commentator Deems Taylor, was shown the first roughed-out drawings, said he was 'excited' over the possibilities of the film (the concept of the world's creation and prehistoric life were what he 'really' had in mind when he wrote 'Le Sacre'), agreed to certain cuts and rearrangements and when shown the finished product emerged from the projection room visibly moved.

" 'Some adverse criticism afterward by 'intellectuals,' Disney opined, was 'what turned him against us.' Walt's parting shot: 'And we paid him $10,000, not $5,000!' "

A. G.

Los Angeles, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *What price "intellectuals?"*

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Sundered States

Continued from page 23

whose hasty scribblings show scant research and scanter thought. This distrust marks a sad decline of the whole Civil War field. Fortunately for the historical guild, current shoddiness has not always been the hallmark of war writing.

A new school of Civil War literature emerged around the beginning of the 1930s, stimulated partly by the success of Margaret Mitchell and Douglas Southall Freeman. Practitioners in the new school would finally include Charles Ramsdell, Frank Owsley, Allan Nevins, T. Harry Williams, and Bell Wiley. This group of professional historians relied on sound canons of scholarship, used manuscript collections, newspapers, memoirs, and added to their war narratives the lost grace of literary style. The resulting books of the 1930s, Forties, and early Fifties enjoyed unprecedented popularity.

One of the pioneers in the new school was Alfred J. Hanna, who published in 1938 **"Flight Into Oblivion"** ($5), a readable, sound study of the fate of the Confederate cabinet after Richmond's fall. A new focus, use of fresh material, easy style made Hanna's book a success. But it faded from prominence under pressure of time and the avalanche of later war volumes. For its illuminating sketches of Confederate cabinet members and their postwar careers, and for its scholarly respectability, "Flight Into Oblivion" deserves reprinting. Indiana University Press has rendered a real service by offering Hanna's study once more, not only because it helped pioneer the new Civil War literature, but also because it stands as a reminder of high writing standards.

Other university presses are doing their bit to prop up the respectability of Civil War history. Among the most active is Louisiana State University Press, which has a long list of scholarly war studies. The latest addition is a valuable reference tool: Ezra J. Warner's long-awaited biographical dictionary, **"Generals in Gray"** ($7.50). After many arduous years of research, Warner has compiled short sketches of 425 Confederate generals. A labor of love, this dictionary is a real achievement, and one which will prove extremely helpful to generations of Civil War students. No compendium of such magnitude could escape its share of inaccuracies, but Warner's occasional lapses will doubtless be corrected in subsequent editions.

Although the University of Oklahoma Press centers its interest on the Southwest, it sometimes ventures into the thick of the Civil War with a good book. Ray C. Colton's **"The Civil War in the Western Territories"** ($5) is a

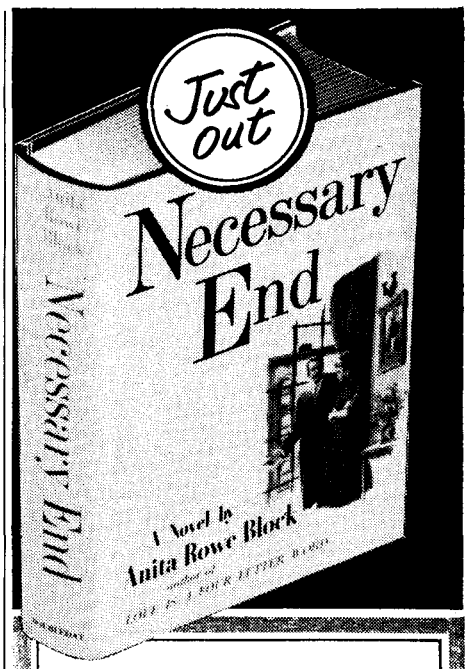
Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

WAR IN FICTION

The class in Advanced English 12 in Glen Ridge (New Jersey) High School regularly listens to an oral review of the current *SR* presented by one of its members. Recently the instructor, Robert M. Hilton, suggested that individual students prepare Literary I.Q.'s. Twenty-two were completed and forwarded to this office. From these one has been chosen for publication (though several merited publication). It is by Edith Vedova, who submits the titles of a dozen novels in each of which there is a war background (or even foreground). She asks you to assign the right wars to the right novels. One of the wars figures in more than one of the novels. Cease fire on page 60.

1. "For Whom the Bell Tolls" (Hemingway)	( ) Boxer Rebellion
2. "The Caine Mutiny (Wouk)	( ) Hundred Years War
3. "A Farewell to Arms" (Hemingway)	( ) First World War
4. "The Spy" (Cooper)	( ) Second World War
5. "The White Company" (Doyle)	( ) Spanish Civil War
6. "The Hill of Doves" (Cloete)	( ) American Revolution
7. "The Rover" (Conrad)	( ) Napoleonic Wars
8. "One of Ours" (Cather)	( ) American Civil War
9. "The Imperial Woman" (Buck)	( ) Boer War
10. "The Red Badge of Courage" (Crane)	( ) French Revolution
11. "Three Soldiers" (Dos Passos)	
12. "A Tale of Two Cities" (Dickens)	



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volume in the tradition of the new Civil War literature. Colton covers the war in Arizona, Colorado, New Mexico, and Utah, and pretty well dispels any suspicions that all the decisions were made east of the Mississippi. The author makes expert use of the "adult Western" drama inherent in the forlorn Southern efforts in the West. Especially well done are his sections on Indian fighting, on the Confederate invasion of New Mexico, and on the political maneuvering in Colorado and Utah. This is not the last word on the war in the West, but it is an essential part of that whole story and will be a standard source for some time.

These five Civil War books are unique for two reasons: first, they are all commendable; second, they fall into odd categories: memoirs, reference tools, studies of peripheral operations. The second reason probably explains the first. The sad truth is that very few good books are being written about normal areas of Civil War interest—decisive battles, biography, economic, and social history. These popular areas are increasingly inundated in hastily written rehashes designed to take quick profits. Thanks should go to those few university presses which recall past historical successes and continue to publish reputable history.

VALIANT LADIES: Agatha Young's illuminating addition to the literature of the Civil War, **"The Women and the Crisis"** (McDowell, Obolensky, $6), is the work of a first-rate historian who knows that the evocation of the times is as important as the facts.

American women have had a unique position in the building of the country. Something not unlike a matriarchy has operated at the homelier levels of life. When in 1861 sons and husbands were sucked up in the "Fourth of July hometown parade on a national scale," the women got their men dressed in some sort of uniform and sent them off to lick the Rebs. But at the end of three months Bull Run shocked the country out of its patriotic daydreams. It was a carnage of blood and unpreparedness, and the women exploded into a practical concern for saving the wounded and recording the dead. This "uprising of women" was without precedent in history. Women set aside conventions, faced horrors unknown to any previous war. For this right they had to fight every step of the way.

Many women had come with their husbands from Washington to watch the fighting at Bull Run; some remained when the expected victory became a rout. Women at home heard that sons and husbands had lain for days untended, so mothers and wives packed carpetbags and arrived.

By June 9, 1861, one of the greatest women of the war, Mary Ann Bickerdyke, arrived in Cairo, Illinois, sent by the Congregational Church of Galesburg to investigate the scandals already emanating from the fever-ridden camp set up to guard the Mississippi. She cut off uniforms stiff with blood and dirt, she bathed every wounded man she could reach, she cooked edible meals out of revolting rations, she gave the raw edge of her tongue to any officer who attempted to interfere, she commandeered any gift-bearing lady in hoopskirts who looked as though she had the stamina to join the fight.

Mother Bickerdyke stands as a symbol of the women whom this book is celebrating. The number of women who accompanied their husbands' regiments as a matter of course will surprise many readers. They went out onto the battlefields, searching under gunfire for the wounded. Clara Barton, a spinster from Massachusetts, performed an emergency operation with a penknife at Antietam.

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Books in News

Continued from page 17

who live by the press, it seems, once in a while perish by the press.

James MacGregor Burns, the author of "Roosevelt: The Lion and the Fox," has written his Kennedy biography, favorable as it is, with careful reasoning and with cool detachment—so much so that one might almost be tempted to say it is as calculated as the aims of its subject. This too, however, would not be fair.

Mr. Burns, a defeated candidate for Congress from western Massachusetts in 1958, was offered a job in Kennedy's office; instead of taking it, he decided to write a book about Kennedy. He has done so favorably, but, as he says in his preface, he refused to have "four or five pro-Kennedy conclusions balanced neatly against an equal number of conclusions against him . . . this course seemed to me the most dishonest of all, because it would entail coming to an artificial neutrality for appearance's sake—as though objectivity always required neutrality."

HERE, in Burns's book, is the whole saga—from silver spoon to Senator. Painstakingly, the author has threaded his way through the maze of Kennedy votes, through his subject's up-to-now almost bafflingly confusing mixture of conservatism and liberalism. Here too is the first clear statement we have ever read as to just how Kennedy stands on Church, State, McCarthy, and even foreign affairs. Burns, without ever preaching, is not only convinced but convincing.

And finally, for good measure, Burns adds the encouraging thought that the Presidency has shown "almost magical power" to elevate men. "Throughout his life," the author writes, "Kennedy has had the capacity to move into an office, exhaust its possibilities and move beyond it."

Somehow we found this a little frightening. Could it be possible, we asked ourselves, that Kennedy might want something *more* than the Presidency? We don't know, of course, but with Kennedys, you never can tell, and there are, after all, still a lot of things unsettled about outer space.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 9, 5, then for First World War 3, 8, and 11, then, from Second World War inclusive: 2, 1, 4, 7, 10, 6, 12.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1349

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Another way to describe that bucket which hung in the well (comp.).

B. Nineteenth-cent. gold coin of Naples and Sicily, value 3 silver ducats.

C. Familiar name for the tune of the Doxology (2 wds.).

D. Make use of (2 wds.).

E. A commercial center of S Washington, on river and in county of same name.

F. The chafing dish of Scotland.

G. Flashy.

H. Inscription suitable to be put on a memorial.

I. Entangle as in a net.

J. Scum forming on surface of molten metal.

K. Light gun for shooting birds or small animals (2 wds.).

L. Chemical useful in dyeing and in ink removers (2 wds.).

M. She in English legend whose "Bower" is a subterranean labyrinth in Blenheim Park, Woodstock, England.

WORDS

153 31 143 196 123 67 161 5 70

72 41 57 139 140 104 173

130 84 65 145 142 102 17 183 114 71

47 23 192 190 93 118

14 33 195 75 20 179

76 98 125 165 162 155 169

34 100 163 198 164 150 129

21 168 49 10 6 182 166

106 16 175 157 9 134

12 44 19 36 60

2 11 133 82 27 64 186 54 59 193 99 46

152 191 63 79 187 171 122 42 135 28

141 81 30 91 38 53 185 151

DEFINITIONS

N. Search about; rummage.

O. Followed by Word P, the youth "then in his senior year at Williams College" who ostensibly told the "Tanglewood Tales" to Hawthorne.

P. See Word O.

Q. Put 'all' into our phrase and you have what St. Paul called the love of money (3 wds.)

R. Renders ineffective, or as if not accomplished.

S. Place a value upon.

T. Austrian movie actress who won Academy Award, as the Chinese girl in "Good Earth" 1937.

U. Produce.

V. Somewhat unbending.

W. Bring to pass.

X. Hostile meetings.

Y. Only large island of the Ryukyus.

Z. Cheap machine-finished paper mostly made from wood pulp.

Z1. Irvin Cobb's dog who grew up under a chiffonier.

WORDS

199 103 26 181 149 97 83

56 107 189 25 69 39 4

105 86 184 131 55 144

124 117 170 180 85 74 8 156 88 109

24 127 115 40 87 159

15 176 89 119 116 132

112 66 37 154 120 52

58 1 29 138 128

188 177 77 32 90 174 147 3

110 73 80 167 92 137

18 172 111 136 178 43 61

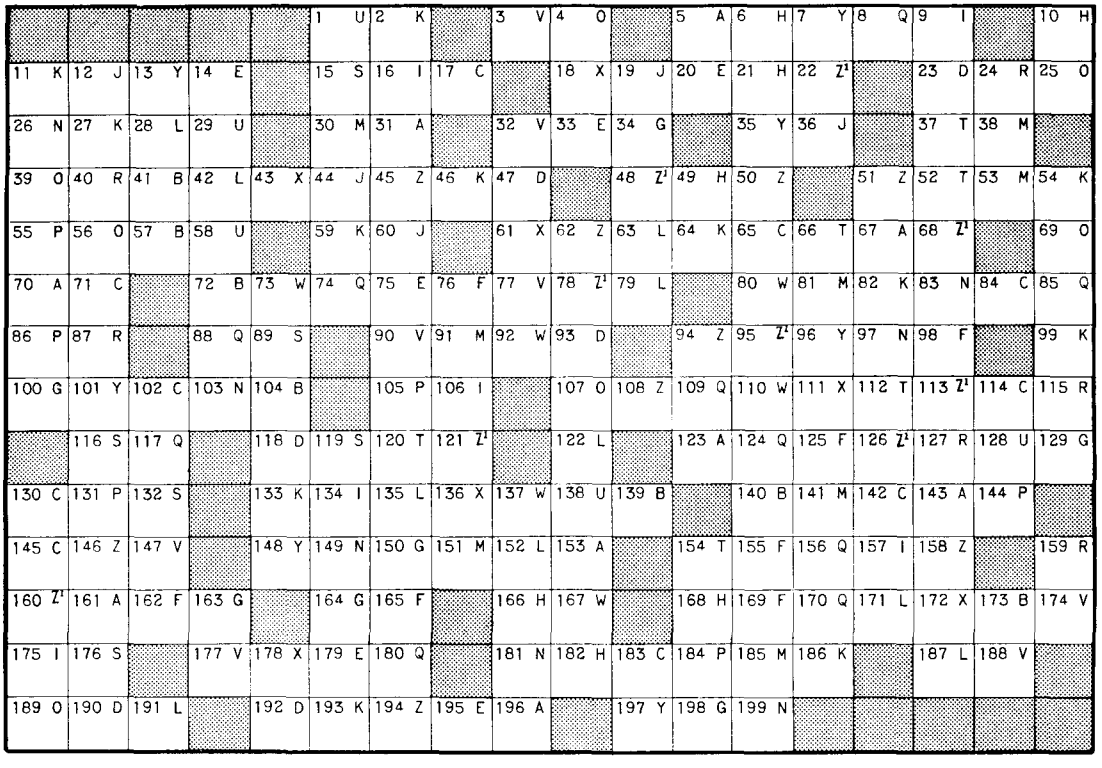
197 7 96 101 13 148 35

45 194 94 50 51 158 146 108 62

68 78 160 95 22 48 126 113 121

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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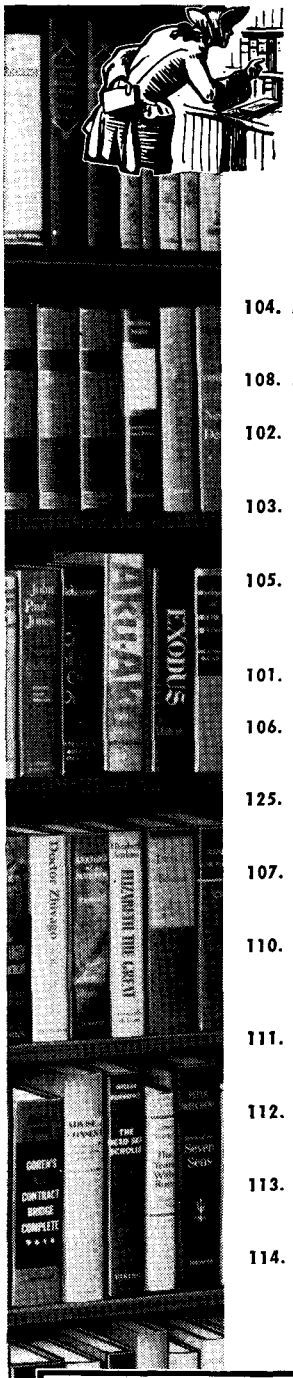

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